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The Light of Life.

Stand still and watch! A growing flush of light
Across the east blots all the pale stars out,
And reddens the swart clouds that swept about
The far-off dusky skylands of the night.

Morn creeps apace. The birds are plumed for flight,
And sing and listen as if half in doubt;
But day creeps on, and now with jocund shout
They mount the air and so are lost from sight.

And so is love come to this heart of mine,
No sudden sunlight o'er a landscape gray,
And soon to fade again, but a divine,
Bright orb, that rises slowly o'er the way,
And blots out all the lesser ones that shine,
And makes the fair perfection of my day.

Night.

Night came down o'er all the earth,
And took the tired Day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house seemed,
Far up in the Milky Way;
The glistening stars, like tiny barks,
At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.
I heard the soft low dip of oars,
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat—
A low half-broken sob.

And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day;
The waking, cold gray dawn.

'Twere better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
'Twere better far to sleep for aye
Beneath the sky so blue,
Then live, when each long weary day
Seemed longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.

The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same? Yes. I alone am changed.
Oh God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Romance of the Pyrenees.

I am a Spaniard and the only son and sole heir of Don Guzman de Mansoria, a grandee of Spain of the second class, by whom I was educated according to my fortune and exalted rank. At the age of twenty-five I lost my father. It is the custom in Spain that at the death of a father the nobles should wear mourning for one year and pass that time in a state of absolute solitude at their remotest estates. I loved my father tenderly and deeply regretted his loss. I observed my country's custom on that event as holy duty and in conformity thereto removed into Aragon where I had a castle situated at the foot of Mount Maladetta, on the extreme frontier, between Spain and France. This was in the year 1779, when Spain was still beautiful and mighty, although the nobility and clergy ruled it with an iron despotism; and the feudal laws, more rigidly enforced than they had ever been, even in France, were better consolidated by the perfect understanding on this point between the priests and the crown. The nobles ruled the people and the king ruled all. For my part, I frankly admit that I was proud of my title of Count and prized the prerogatives of my rank and the rights of my birth. My steward dispensed justice to my vassals in my name, and when his decisions appeared unjust to them they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the great gate of the castle, pithily announced my power of condemning to death within the limits of my county. By law all smugglers were subject to this rigorous penalty, to which my deputy always condemned them with unsparing severity, and which I always commuted to a lighter punishment. At this time the smugglers were in greater numbers than they are now, and as I had received directions from court to suppress the illegal traffic, I had armed my vassals, who patrolled all the defiles and by-roads, scoured the mountains, and assisted the officers of the king's customs on all occasions. This rigorous pursuit of the smugglers increased their audacity and inspired them with desperation and revenge. Before they were only dealers in prohibited articles; they now became brigands, organized regular bands into troops, and opposed open resistance in the field to the king's and my jurisdiction. One day fifty of my people were attacked near La Picade and cruelly massacred by these bandits; whereupon I vowed never again to remit or commute the sentence of my deputy, but to hang up the first suggler who should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy functionary was announced and presented me with a death-warrant for my signature. I hesitated, trembled and could not proceed. It is such a shocking, chilling thought that a few letters, so rapidly and easily traced, should have the power of depriving a fellow-creatnre of life! I tried to read the sentence, but my eyes were clouded and I could not see distinctly, so I asked the steward to read it. He commenced with an official tone, but I stopped him at the second line—when I found that the culprit was a girl only eighteen years old.

"My lord," said the functionary, "Milanetta is the daughter of the Captain of the smugglers. She daily deceives the vigilance of the guards, and passes and repasses between Spain and France with intelligence to direct the movements of the two troops of bandits, and they could not possibly baffle our authority but for her. This young woman is guilty; I have condemned her, and it is your duty to sanction the law's award. You have pledged yourself to the rigid execution of justice to your vassals, and you owe it to the kind. The word of a Spanish grandee is sacred; therefore, my Lord, you must sign that paper."

"Never! What; send a girl only eighteen years old to death! I couldn't muster strength to do it. What did she urge in her defense?"

"Nothing."

"Has she confessed the charge?"

"No."

Then I suspend the execution of the sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I wish to see and interrogate her personally."

My deputy obeyed, and in an instant afterwards Milanetta stood before me. Oh, if you had seen that youthful creature, glittering with grace and beauty! Had you noticed the sublimity of her looks at that trying moment, the clear olive of her expansive brow (the sun, you know, kisses our Spanish maidens with a scorching embrace), her dark tresses floating loose in the mountain breeze, her noble attitude and the majestic bearing of her head, like me, you would first of all have admired; like me, you would have felt an involuntary respect for her; like me, perhaps, you would have loved her! I was then only twenty-five, and knew nothing of women but what I had learned in the cloisters of Salamanca or the courts and revels of Madrid. My heart was yet in its virgin freshness, my head was heated under our burning sun, and I felt that inscrutable want of something to love; something to invest with the rich worship of my soul; something which should burst upon me like a vision of light, even if it consumed me in its revelation. When I commenced my examination I was much more agitated than my prisoner. We were alone, and I am sure my emotion must have been apparent when I said:

"Do you know the punishment to which the steward has condemned you?"

"Yes, my lord," she answered, in a low, calm voice—"to death."

"Before confirming the law's sentence I have desired to see you, to ascertain from yourself whether you have no extenuating circumstances to allege."

"Nothing."

"You are a smuggler, then?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why, then, do you cross into France every night? What other motive could induce you to expose yourself to such peril?"

"That I will never disclose."

"Recollect that the only means of saving your life is a frank and unreserved declaration of ——"

"I know it, but I will not do it. I will reply to you, my Lord, as I did to your judge: 'I have never smuggled.' Whether I cross nightly into France or not is my own business, and my motives are my own. My doom is spoken; let it be executed; I am ready to suffer it. My Lord, I shall not answer another inquiry."

From that moment she was insensible to advice, menaces, or entreaties. Nothing could overcome her obstinate silence. During three days I was constantly with her, and did all that I could to extract her secret from her; but she treasured in the bottom of her heart what she wished to conceal from me, while she soon guessed what I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it was in her chill and comfortless cell that I—her judge, her lord, the arbiter of her life—fell at her feet and revealed in passionate accents what she had already read in my looks and gestures. It was in her prison that she coldly repulsed my love and rejected her pardon on the terms I offered it. No one who had seen us then would have said: "He is the judge and she is the victim." She was always calm, cold and resigned, while I endured all the tortures of disappointed love irritated by repulses. The vault of the prison resounded with my entreaties and angry exclamations, with my sighs and passionate appeals; and I momentarily was the prey of every contending emotion—now ready to kill Milanetta, and now resolving to save her at all hazards; now begging her to be mine, and now determined to bid the executioner perform his fatal office. I was no longer myself—I loved for the first time, and the being to whom I poured out my heart and soul in protestations of adoration, transport, and idolatry, coldly answered: "I cannot listen to you; I love another." After an awful outbreak of rage at such an announcement, I insisted upon knowing who my rival was, but she replied, with the same calmness of tone and look, "That you shall never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking was heard at the prison door. My people were looking for me on all sides, as a French nobleman had just arrived in great haste at the castle, and demanded to see me immediately. I went to him at once, striving in vain to hide from my servant the emotions with which I was agitated, and at whose violence I myself was alarmed. I made my appearance in the great hall, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. I there saw a young man who was pacing the hall with hurried steps, and who desired to converse without witnesses.

"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said he; "I possess a castle in France, which like yours, is on the very frontier, and like you I am engaged in suppressing smuggling and executing justice against those engaged in it."

The name of the Marquis was familiar to me, as we had corresponded together to devise measures for the security of the frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid and unrelenting may be our justice against those taken in the act, it is rather too much that we should condemn innocent people to death merely because they refuse to give reasons for their behavior.

"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"

"Listen to me. A young girl, named Milanetta, has fallen into the hands of your officers—"

"Ha! can you explain—?"

"That is the sole object of my visit. It was but this morning that I heard of her arrest, her condemnation and that she declined disclosing the motive of her frequent trips into France by night. I know the cause and am come to unfold it to you; but it is in full confidence of your honor and discretion. Milanetta is mine!"

"Yours? You Milanetta's lover!"

"You seem surprised at this—because such a beautiful creature as Milanetta did not reside with me in my castle, or that I did not take her with me to Paris during last winter. You may be also astonished that a noble of France should be sufficiently enamoured of a peasant girl to submit to the constraint of mystery and the harass and trouble of nightly and dangerous interviews. But Milanetta is not one of those women who yield easily, nor is she one whose influence can be easily shaken off."

"I think I know her character," I added.

"Oh, no! You never can know the deep well of love and energetic feeling in the heart of that young creature. She has risked everything to see me and to love me in secret—and now you have the object of her nocturnal journeys, which she would not disclose to you because she would have had to blush at the confession, and least a public declaration made to her judge should come to the ears of her father. To prevent this she would have died without opening her lips. Now, my Lord, I have said sufficient to convince you that she is unjustly condemned. You are absolute here. I ask her pardon of you and feel assured that you will gladly concede it."

The Marquis's language, the love which he confessed, and Milanetta's passion for him, of which he boasted so proudly and fervently, threw me into rage and despair. Ideas of vengeance and of blood rushed through my brain till I grew giddy. Without a consciousness of what I was doing, or going to do, I rang the bell impatiently and ordered Milanetta to be brought immediately before me.

"Do not let her see me!" cried the Marquis; "let her not be made acquainted with what I have done! If she learned that it was to me that she owed her life, her feelings towards me would be all absorbed in gratitude, and it is her love only that I desire."

This expression increased my frenzy, while the Marquis, who was nearly as much agitated as I was, did not perceive my emotion. He only heard the sound of steps in the corridor, and thinking that it was Milanetta who approached, he asked me where he could conceal himself. I pointed to the door of my closet, and the moment it closed upon him Milanetta came into the hall. For a moment I was speechless, overpowered by transports of envy and passion. Milanetta turned away from the fierce expression of my features. With a hoarse voice I shouted, "I know your lover now; I am no longer ignorant who it is you prefer to me. He has come to solicit your pardon. The Marquis de Clairval has cleared you of the charge of smuggling, but has acknowledged that you are his love!"

"What!" she frantically exclaimed, "has the Marquis been here?"

"He is here still, Milanetta.

"What, here? here in your power? Oh! spare him, my Lord, spare him. It is I only who have deserved your vengeance—death is my portion; but for him"——

"Yes, scornful girl! Death for you! He has asked for mercy for you—he has come to ask me to place you again in his arms; but I will give you to the executioner, and your lover shall witness."

The Marquis flung open the door with violence. I had quite forgotten that he was there, and he had heard every word I spoke. At his appearance Milanetta uttered one despairing shriek, while I looked at them both vindictively. He beckoned me aside, and said with a low voice: "My Lord Count, you are a gentleman by birth, but you have disgraced your name and rank. Among people of our station the sword is the only arbiter, and the injuries of jealousy and love are settled by that appeal. It is not by hanging Milanetta that you should revenge yourself when you have the opportunity of a gentleman of fighting me."

"What! Would you accept a challenge?"

"This very instant."

"But you know the strict laws against duelling, and the rigorous strictness with which both kings exact the penalty?"

"I know very well that both in France and Spain the duellist is punished by the forfeiture of his estates; that his shield is defaced and his coat of arms burned, and that if his enemy is killed he is beheaded; but I hate you now as strongly as you can hate me, and to hold my sword's point to your heart I would face every peril and every disgrace!"

"To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I will be at Venasque with a second."

"Be it so. And now sign Milanetta's pardon."

"Her pardon!"

"It is the first and only condition of our meeting."

I signed it, and handed it to Milanetta, who refused to take it.

"What will it avail me," said she, "when my father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot."

"Kill you, Milanetta?"

"He is only a smuggler or a bandit in your eyes; but this bandit is as jealous as any peer of France or grandee of Spain. He will kill me I tell you, and I would prefer dying by the executioner's hand to his."

Next morning, before the sun rose I was at the very extremity of the Spanish frontier, and the Marquis made his appearance almost as soon. He brought his second but I had forgotten to bring one. A man on horseback was passing within a few paces of us. I called to him and asked him if he would become my second in a duel.

He immediately dismounted, measured our swords like a man accustomed to the business, and offered me his own as better tempered than mine. We had scarcely crossed our blades when the French and Spanish guards came running up, separated us, enjoined us to desist, and threatened to arrest us if we renewed the combat. Milanetta had informed them of our intentions. I perceived the rage and mortification of the Marquis at this interruption, but I told him that we could laugh at their interference, and fight before their faces without their having the power to interfere.

"The frontier of France and Spain is marked by that cross. You, who are a Frenchman, cross into Spain, while I step into France. We can then cross our blades, with our feet touching the frontier line, which we can keep between our bodies and our swords. The Spaniard who fights a Frenchman on French ground, and the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard on the Spanish soil, cannot be reached by the law, for the King of Spain has no more power over you than the King of France has over me, and neither would violate the laws of nations by arresting their subjects on a foreign territory."

With one bound I stood upon the territory of France, while the Marquis remained in Spain, and we both called to the guards: "Back, marshalmen of France, you have no authority over a noble of Spain." "Away, holy brotherhood of Spain; keep your hands off a gentleman of France."

The soldiers fell back amazed and irresolute, while we stood and fought in the narrow pass, where there was not room for more than a man to stand. Our swords had scarcely recrossed when the Marquis fell, pierced to the heart. I rushed forward to support him, when my second, holding me in his iron grasp, shouted: "Stop where you are! One foot forward and death stares you in the face, and that upon the scaffold!" His words were interrupted by a shriek, and we saw Milanetta fling herself upon the dead body, uttering the most passionate exclamations of agony and tenderness. My second gnashed his teeth, when he saw and heard her. He rushed to her and tore her roughly from the body which she embraced. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and, falling on her knees and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me!"

"Dishonored!" answered he, with a gloomy voice. "Then die with him!" and with one blow of his knife he laid her lifeless at his feet. Then lifting up her body he flung it to me, saying: "She who loved a hated Frenchman is not worthy of finding a grave in her country; the soil of Spain rejects the body of Milanetta."

"The guards of the holy brotherhood surrounded the smuggler, who threw his knife away and held out his hands to them.

"Bind me," said he, "I am the leader of the smugglers—you can hang me at once for smuggling, but not for killing my daughter. You have outlawed the smuggler, and therefore he takes justice into his own hands."

My estate was confiscated, my escutcheon disfigured, my castle burned and a price set upon my head; but heaven has punished me in lengthening my existence and protracting my sorrows. I have survived this event fifty years, but my heart is still young in recollections and sufferings, and from that time I have never trod upon the soil of my country!

A Dangerous Position.

On the coast of Normandy the women are tough and hard to kill. A few weeks ago the wives of three fishermen, having filled their baskets with shell-fish, were going home, when they found themselves suddenly in the midst of a dense fog, which prevented their seeing land. But they knew their way, and walked on. This was about six o'clock in the evening. When they thought they were near home they were surprised by the tide. They walked as long as they could, but at length had to stop. The water was then up to their knees. They had to remain in the water till the tide receded, the fog being still dense. They screamed as loudly as they could, but heard no voice in reply, and they were finally overtaken by the morning tide. Meanwhile their husbands were running up and down the sands with lighted torches, screaming with all their might; but neither party saw nor heard the other. At last the fog cleared away and the tide ran out, and the three fishermen's wives were rescued, after having been in the water twenty-five hours, and during a night when the frost had bitten every tree in the neighborhood. They did not seem to feel much the worse for their adventure, and were inclined to laugh over it.

A PHONOGRAPH AT WORK.

Making a Plate from Which a Perfect Production of Your Speech Can be Made When You Are in Your Grave.

The Philadelphia *Times* has an article describing Professor Edison's marvelous phonograph and how it works. We make the following extract:

The instrument was operated sometimes by Mr. Bentley, but principally by Mr. James Adams, the inventor's representative. Mr. Adams, a highly intelligent Scotchman, with a strongly marked Scotch accent in his speech, has been for five years the assistant of Professor Edison in the latter's electrical and other experiments. The machine occupied no more space than would a Webster's unabridged, and its construction appeared as simple as that of a housewife's coffee mill. It was a *fac simile* of one which Professor Edison is now constructing, and which is to have a capacity of 48,000 words.

Mr. Adams, before the performance began, thus explained the instrument: "In this gutta percha mouthpiece is a very thin diaphragm, made of tin type metal. The vibrations of the voice jar the diaphragm, which has in its center, underneath, a fine steel point. Around this brass cylinder, which, you see, is closely and finely grooved by a spiral, I wrap a sheet of tinfoil. I shove the mouthpiece up until the steel point touches the tinfoil, just above the first groove on the left. Turning the cylinder with this crank, I talk into the mouthpiece. The diaphragm vibrates, causing the steel point to perforate the tinfoil, leaving little holes of different diameters and resembling the old Morse telegraphic alphabet. The cylinder moves from left to right until the steel point has gone over the entire length of the spiral. Thus we have, as it were, a stereotyped plate of the voice. From this plate a matrix in sulphur (the most desirable substance for the purpose) can be formed, and years from now there can be taken from that matrix other plates capable of the same work which you will presently see this one perform.

"Now I turn the cylinder back to the starting place in order that the steel point may go over the perforations which it made when I talked in the mouthpiece. The steel point, kept down by a rubber spring underneath the diaphragm trips from hole to hole, causing the diaphragm to vibrate as it did when I was talking into the mouthpiece. This causing the corresponding opening and closing of the valves of the diaphragm, the words, intonation and accent are reproduced with perfect accuracy. It would be impossible for any human mimic to do it so well. The small end of this tin funnel is fixed in the mouthpiece to keep the reproduction from scattering. Now listen." Several gentlemen, evidently supposing that they would not be able to hear without having their ears close to the funnel, were putting their heads near the instrument, but Mr. Adams told them that such a proceeding was unnecessary, as they could distinguish the sounds well enough at a distance.

Mr. Adams, having wrapped a sheet of tin foil around the cylinder, spoke into the mouthpiece in a voice of ordinary pitch and time, but with distinct articulation, meanwhile slowly and regularly turning the crank, the following:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a bucket of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Having reset the cylinder and fixed the funnel in the mouthpiece he turned the crank and the diaphragm repeated the rhyme, not only as distinctly as he had uttered it, but with so perfect a mimicry of the Scotch accent as to cause a general outburst of laughter, in which the genial operator heartily joined.

Causing the steel point to proceed from the ending of "Jack and Jill," Mr. Adams again put his mouth to the diaphragm and uttered in more varying tones, which had a range from almost a whisper up to a screeching soprano, the following:

Hallo! Hoop-la! Ya-hoo!
Nineteen years in the bastile!
I scratched my name upon the wall
And that name was Robert Landr-y-y-y,
Parlez vous Francais? Sprechen sie Deutsch?

Turning the crank backward until the steel point touched the beginning of "Jack and Gill," he again gave the forward motion. The diaphragm's elocution of the rhyme was on this occasion as good as before, and the second conglomeration of utterance was delivered by the vibrating metal with all the characteristics of the operator's ejaculations and recitation. For the sake of novelty the steel point was now caused to go along the perforated spiral, while Mr. Adams whistled, yelled and shouted all sorts of ridiculous things into the mouth-piece. As a result the bit of metal strongly affected the risible muscles of the audience by something like this:—

Jack and Jill went— "Cheese it!"—
Up the hill
To get a bucket— "O, wipe off your chin!"—
Of water.
Jack fell down and "Hello, young—
Broke his crown
Feller, does you're mother know you're out?"
And Jill—"Ya-hoo! I've bottled myself Edison"—
Came tumbling after.
Hallo! hoopla!—"Shut up!"—ya-hoo!
"Go bag your head!"—Nineteen years in the Bastile.
"I'm a"—Scratched my name—"a jolly Irishman"—Upon the wall
And that—"From Dublin town I came"—
Name was—"Ha, ha, ha!"—Robert
Landry-y-y.
Parlee vous Francais?—"Go hire a hall!"
Sprechen sie Deutsch?—"Go, give us a rest!"

The effect of this was too ludicrous for description, and for a time all hands were uncontrollably merry. Having put on and caused the steel point to perforate a new sheet of tin foil, again speaking "Jack and Jill" into the instrument, Mr. Adams made the point travel backward, and the diaphragm reproduced the recitation, beginning with the last word, "after," and ending with the first word, "Jack." In this way the operator amused his audience for an hour. He became hoarse, but the instrument did not.

There is no electricity about the speaking phonograph, and, like so many other great inventions, its construction is so simple and its operation so easily understood that a person seeing it would probably ask himself, "Now, why didn't I think of that?"

The Great Pyramids.

So much has been written about the great pyramids, says a correspondent, that I will spare myself from entering upon the task of a description. I call it a task, because among the authorities I have on Egypt I find scarcely two agree on important points relating to the age, dimensions and theory of the construction of the pyramids. All, however, coincide in saying that the height of Cheops exceeds that of the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, which is the tallest in Europe. The Sphinx stands in front of the second pyramid, and shows a length of 140 feet with the forepaws extending an additional fifty feet in front. The height, according to Pliny, is 143 feet, and the circumference of the forehead 102 feet. When first exhumed a paved inclosed place was found between the paws, which contained the evidences of having been a small temple. The Sphinx was held by the Egyptians as emblematic of the king, or a combination of intellectual and physical power, and was worshiped as a deity.

A Sarcastic Mendicant.

"I'm very hungry," said a haggard tramp, with very red eyes, as he stood bowing obsequiously at the side entrance of a Court street house. "Won't you please, ma'am, be so good as to give me a little something to eat. Anything will do—odds and ends—cold or warm—it don't matter, for I'm not one of them high-toned, fried oyster fellers."

"My husband has forbidden me to encourage idleness by giving away any more provisions," replied the lady of the house. "He says you fellows have a sort of Free Masonry way of letting others know every house at which you have been fed, and it is sure to bring a troop of lazy vagabonds upon us who would starve before they'd lift a hand to work. So you will have to move on and get your breakfast some place else."

"But I'm not a vagabond, ma'am; I'm a hard-working, industrious man. I came up on a boat from Memphis to see my sick mother who lives out near Camden, and isn't expected to live. I was robbed on the boat of every cent I had and all my clothes, while I was in bed. The captain gave me these old things. I don't like to beg, but Camden is a good stretch from here, and I can't walk it on an empty stomach. Think of the outstretched arms of a poor sick mother toward her absent child, and put wings on my feet with a few cold potatoes. I'm just at that point where I can eat 'em without salt."

"I can't do it. They all have a story about like that. The last man I fed had to go to Columbus inside of twenty-four hours to save an innocent man from hanging, but two days afterward I saw him down town so drunk he couldn't hold his mouth shut."

"Well, I never drink. If I hadn't been robbed I could show you my Murphy ribbon that I've worn till it's raveled into strings. Long years ago I swore at my mother's bended knee—the same one who moans on her couch of pain because I'm not with her—that I would never touch the blighting cup, and I hain't, from that time up to this minute. Can't you help me to get there in time to comfort her declining hours with the joyful tidings that I have been steadfast through all temptation, by giving me the cold grub you had intended to dump into the garbage box? I'm awful hungry."

"I can't help it. I must obey my husband—his orders were positive," said the woman, snappishly.

"Well, you're the most extraordinary woman I ever saw if you do. But say, can't you give me the paper the beefsteak was brought home in, to chew as I go along. It may fool my stomach for awhile and make it brace up by thinking something better will be along presently. You'll do that much toward easing a fond parent's anxious heart, won't you.

"No, I won't."

"Well, then give me a newspaper and let me set by the fire and read the advertisement of a meat market, and show me the place where it tells all about provisions. Even that would give me a feast—for the imagination—which has been about the extent of my living lately. You won't believe it, maybe, but it's a fact, that all the nourishment I've had for two days is the bill of fare painted on the outside of the Fifth-street restaurant. Can you think of that and keep your stale bread on the inside of your cupboard?"

"Yes, I can; and I want you to make yourself scarce without any more palaver, or I shall send my boy to call a policeman," exclaimed the indignant woman.

"Even the photograph of a chicken would be some comfort," said the man, by way of banter, as he moved off, "and if you don't use soap in your dish-water a few potatoes sliced up in it would be regular barbecue for me."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

How Rubber Balls are Made.

The process of making the hollow rubber balls used by children for playthings is quite curious, and may be interesting to those not familiar with it. A Holyoke writer thus describes it: The upper room of the mill is prepared to push this branch of the business for a few months, and it will probably turn out some 50,000 dozen of those balls between January and June. These balls have a solid surface, are made by a different process from that of making the soft rubber balls which are perforated by an opening, and, of course, are much more firm, durable and elastic. The sheets of rubber prepared for the balls are cut into strips of double convex shape. The edges of the strips are moistened with a preparation of rubber and naphtha, by which they are joined firmly together, three of the strips being used for one ball. This part of the work is done by girls, and a skillful girl can earn about $1.50 per day. When the strips are joined together, the ball is very near the shape of a Brazil nut. Before the last opening is closed, a small quantity of carbonate of ammonia is put inside, which, when subjected to a strong heat, will make the rubber expand and fill out the ball mold. The opening is then closed with the adhesive mixture, and it is placed in an iron mold of the size and shape of the ball desired. The molds are packed into frames in which they are subjected to the heat of the vulcanizer. They are kept in place in the frame by iron rods along the side, and, when the frame is full, iron plates at the ends are screwed down tightly upon the molds to hold them in place. These iron plates are about three-fourths of an inch thick, and so strong is the expansive force of the rubber in the molds that they have bent this thick iron into a curve. If one of the molds should work out of place while vulcanizing is in process, the molds will fly out with a noise like the report of a dozen pistols, and the work is spoiled. The action of the heat does the rest. When the molds are opened they contain the perfect round balls, with no mark of the places where the pieces were placed. The slight ridge made by the mold is ground off by a stone used for the purpose, and the ball is done. This is but one process of rubber work. Besides the hollow balls are made solid balls of rubber, etc.

Death from Over-Eating.

A French cook named Paquette set out from a village on the upper Ottawa, Canada, some time ago, to walk to Gatineau Point through the snow, having supplied himself with provisions enough to last him several days. He proceeded quietly on his journey for the first day, but on the second, a blinding snow-storm came on, and he lost his way. At the end of the third day, the provision bag gave out, and he had not the slightest idea of his whereabouts. On the seventh day he had grown so weary that he was unable to walk any further. He lay down in a snow bank and made up his mind that there he would have to perish. He had been there but a few minutes when a horse and cutter came in view, and he had barely sufficient strength left to hail the driver. He succeeded, however, in the end, and it turned out to be a priest, to whom he told his story. The prtest drove him to the parsonage and gave him something to eat. He then left him alone at the table whilst he went outside to look after his horse, and when he returned, found Paquette lying on the floor writhing in agony. He had eaten too much and died before a physician could be summoned.

A REVOLT OF CONVICTS.

Some of the Details of the Horrors upon a Recent Outbreak of Chilian Prisoners.

Some time ago news was brought of an outbreak of Chilian prisoners confined at a penal colony in Patagonia, South America, but no details were given. Later news is now at hand, and the New York *Times* says: A letter from Sandy Point, Patagonia, says the community has recovered from the consternation into which it had been thrown by the unexpected revolt of the troops and the release of the convicts. A fresh body, 200 strong, has landed with the intention of pursuing the rebels into the heart of the Pampas. It is feared, however, that their utmost efforts will be unavailing, as the convicts have obtained three weeks' start. Justice is as likely to be vindicated by cold, hunger and the Indians as by the Chilian troops. Had the outbreak been executed as cleverly as it was planned there is no doubt that the Chilian Government would have experienced great difficulty in recapturing the settlement. At first both prisoners and guards acted in complete agreement. Forming themselves into organized bodies, they poured into the town, murdering all who resisted, and happily their newly-regained freedom turned the heads of the convicts. The desire of conquest yielded to lust and avarice. Throwing themselves into the richest houses, they plundered, burned, outraged and drank till all organization was lost. The town next morning looked as if it had been taken by storm, so great was the devastation. The following scene occurred in the house of a gentleman, one of the principal residents: About the middle of the night he and his two daughters were aroused by several deafening reports. They got up and dressed. In a short time a young English lady came to the house in the hope of finding security. For about half an hour they waited in terrible anxiety, listening to the shrieks and shots which were audible on all sides. At length the door was burst open, and a party of ten men accompanied by some of the lowest women of the place, and all half mad with drink, rushed into the house. In the drawing-room stood a piano, which proved the safety of the party. The idea occurred to one of the convicts to make the girls play while they danced. This idea was adopted, and the poor girls, half dead with fear, were forced with oaths and curses to take their place at the piano while the ruffians danced round the room. Suddenly one of the men called to a companion, "You can't dance; I'll teach you." There was a coarse answer, and, drawing a pistol, the second man shot the first through the heart. A general conflict ensued, in which several men lost their lives, and the remainder becoming reconciled, continued their dance over the dead bodies. At length a messenger arrived, saying that the treasure chest was being rifled. This news produced a general stampede, and the ladies and their father were in a minute left alone with the dead. Five corpses were found in the drawing-room when the Chilian troops landed. This is but an example of the many scenes that occurred during that awful night. The highest praise is due to the governor, who, though wounded by the report of a cannon passing over his leg, still had the courage to ride across the isthmus to summon the Chilian man-of-war. The damage is estimated at $500,000.

Stanley.

At a lecture delivered by Mr. Stanley in London, the Prince of Wales is said to have asked Midhat Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, if he had found the discourse interesting. The answer is said to have been: "We Turks have more need now than other people to take an interest in expeditions into unknown lands, since we may soon have to seek among them for a home." The "personal" man of the London *World*, who went to see Mr. Stanley in his lodgings, gives this sketch of him: "The figure which rises from the fireside to greet the visitor is that of a small, stiffly built man, erect in bearing, but in voice and manner rather sympathetic and enthusiastic than hard and stern. The voice is not as the voice of a determined and cruel man. His hair is—to quote a phrase of Dickens—'gray before its time, like a neglected fire.' Hard work and exposure have made Mr. Stanley's abundant locks very gray; but for all this, the head is that of a young man, and there is no indication of premature age in voice or gesture. The expression of the face is that of a man who always holds himself prepared for any emergency or summons, even though the latter convey as large an order as that which Mr. Stanley received on a memorable occasion a few years ago from his New York 'boss': "Send a man 200 miles up the Red Sea to intercept Norna and ascertain details of Livingstone's death. Cable 1000 words to this office.' The *Herald* man in Egypt had relays of donkeys ready at Suez. The Norna came to an anchor during the night; a boat sent from the shore boarded the steamer at daylight, interviewed Wainwright, and, thanks to the donkey arrangements, a splendid account reached the New York *Herald* office in London, and was distributed, with Mr. Gordon Bennett's compliments, to all London, provincial and Continental papers."

A Scene in Stockholm.

Ten years ago Stockholm was only accessible by sea. Even now it is called the Venice of the North. The streets are arms of the sea. A fleet of war-ships could defile in battle array under the palace windows of the Swedish king. The sole vehicle of Stockholm is a light steamer, a microscopic affair propelled by a miniature steam engine. It pulls up at the curb frequently, disembarks the passengers and rings its bell for another load. Captain, engineer, helmsman and fireman are all embodied satisfactorily in the person of one small boy. He collects the fare from the passengers, gives the signal for leaving, and obeys it—slows up or crowds on steam. On these boats you may study at your leisure the peasant girls and women wearing their picturesque provincial costume. Their short skirts disclose stockings of a brilliant red; a brown or green bodice imprisons their waists; quaint, stiffly-starched caps cover their heads. The physical aspect of the Swedish population is blond, large, tall; in repose the face denotes great placidity, but in speaking the blue eyes lighten up with intelligence and the language becomes rapid and full of color. There is much in them which recalls the German character, and yet they are more like the Germans as depicted by Tacitus than the Prussians of our day.

What Our Coins Weigh.

One million dollars in gold weighs 3,685 5-7 pounds avoirdupois; 1,000,000 trade dollars weigh 60,000; $1,000,000 of 412½ grains weighs 58,928 4-7; $1,000,000 in fractional coins weighs 55,114 2-7; $1,000,000 in five cent nickels weighs 220,457 1-7; 1,000,000 in three cent nickels weighs 142,857 1-7; $1,000,000 in one cent pieces weighs 685,714 2-7. A coinage of 4,000,000 of the new silver dollars per month would amount in a year to 2,828,571 3-7 pounds, or over 1,414¼ tons, and if the pieces were laid side by side they would form a continuous string 1,136¼ miles in length.

Forest Myths.

Once upon a time, says a tale widely spread in Asia, four travelers spent a night in a forest, and agreed that one of them should keep watch by turns while the others slept. The first watcher was a carpenter. By way of passing the time, he took his ax, and out of the stem of a tree lying prostrate hard by, fashioned the form of a woman, shapely in figure and comely in face. Then he woke one of his comrades, and lay down to rest. The second watcher was a tailor. And when he saw the woman lying on the ground, he produced his work-basket and bundle of stuffs, and clothed her handsomely from head to foot. Then he, too, resumed his slumber, after having aroused the third of the party, who was a jeweler. And the jeweler was struck by the sight of a fair and well-dressed female form leaning against a neighboring tree, and he opened his casket, and decked her with rings, and necklaces, and bracelets. Then he called the last of the party, who was a holy man, strong in prayer and incantation, and went to sleep. And when the fourth watcher saw the wooden woman, so well dressed and decked, he set to work, and by spells and prayers turned her wood into flesh and blood, and inspired her with life. Just then his three companions awoke, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the lovely creature who stood before them. Simultaneously each of the four travelers claimed her as his wife; the carpenter because he had framed her, the tailor because he had dressed her, the jeweler because he had adorned her, and the holy man because he had given her life. A fierce dispute arose. The authorities of the neighboring village were in vain appealed to; the problem, as to which of the four had most claim to the hand of the disputed bride, was too difficult for them to solve. At last it was resolved to submit the case to a higher court. The claimants, the judges and the audience all went out to the cemetery, and there prayed for a decision from on high. While the prayer went up the woman leaned against a tree. Suddenly the tree opened, and the woman entered it, and was seen no more. As she disappeared, a voice from on high was heard saying, "To its origin shall every created thing return." The mythological core of this story is the idea that human and tree life may be connected. The rest of it has been supplied by teachers who wished to inculcate the doctrine that all things return to their first elements, and narrators desirous of framing one of the numerous stories involving a problem or puzzle capable of various solutions. The leading idea has been better preserved in the following modern Greek folk-tale: There was once a childless wife, who used to lament, saying, "If only I had a child, were it but a laurel berry!" And heaven sent her a golden laurel berry, but its value was not recognized, and it was thrown away. From it sprang a laurel which gleamed with golden twigs. At it a Prince, while following the chase, wondered greatly. And determining to return to it, he ordered his cook to prepare a dinner for him beneath its shade. He was obeyed. But during the temporary absence of the cook, the tree opened, and forth came a fair maiden, who strewed a handful of salt over the viands, and then returned into the tree, which immediately closed upon her. The Prince returned and scolded the cook for oversalting the dinner. The cook declared his innocence, but in vain. The next day the same occurred. So on the third day the Prince kept watch. The tree opened, and the maiden came forth. But before she could return into the tree, the Prince caught hold of her and carried her off. After a time she escaped from him, ran back to the tree, and called upon it to open. But it remained shut. So she had to return to the Prince. And after a while he deserted her. It was not till after long wandering that she found him again, and became his royal consort. Hahn thinks this story is founded on the Hellenic belief in Dryads; but it belongs to an earlier mythological family than the Hellenic, though the Dryad and the Laurel-maiden are undoubtedly kinswomen. Long before the Dryads and Oreads had received from the sculpturesque Greek mind their perfection of human form and face, trees were credited with woman-like inhabitants capable of doing good and ill, and with powers of their own, apart from those possessed by the supernatural tenants of banning and blessing.—*Contemporary Review.*

The Telephone Novelty.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: When we begin to use a telephone for the first time there is a sense of oddity, almost of foolishness, in the experiment. The dignity of talking consists in having a listener, and there seems a kind of absurdity in addressing a piece of iron, but we must raise our respect for the metal, for it is anything but deaf. The diaphragm of the telephone, the thin iron plate, is as sensitive as the living tympanum to all the delicate refinements of sound. Nor does it depend upon the thinness of the metallic sheet, for a piece of thick boiler-plate will take up and transmit the notion of the air-particles in all the grades of their subtility. And not only will it do the same thing as the tympanum, but it will do vastly more; to the gross dead metal proves, in fact, to be a hundred times more alive than the living mechanism of speech and audition. This is no exaggeration. In quickness, in accuracy, and even in grasp, there is a perfection of sensitive capacity in the metal, with which the organic instrument cannot compare. We speak of the proverbial "quickness of thought," but the telephone thinks quicker than the nervous mechanism. Let a word be pronounced for a person to repeat, and the telephone will hear and speak it a hundred miles away in a tenth part of the time that the listener would need to utter it.

Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., April 11, 1878

The Greenback state convention meets May 8 at Philadelphia.

The threatened war in Europe will have an effect upon the horse market as well as upon breadstuffs in this country. A Chicago despatch 1 inst. says: It is stated that two English gentlemen are in this city and have agents through the West for the purpose of buying 20,000 horses, ostensibly for street cars in Scotland and England; but judging by the character of the animals they select, they are intended rather for active movements than for draught purposes. They have brought 500 here, and will begin to ship within two weeks.

Francis W. Engle, who cut down Patrick Hester at Bloomsburg and afterward appropriated a ring belonging to the dead Mollie, has been arrested for larceny on oath of Catharine Hester, widow of the deceased.

We have known just as mean men as Engle elected to offices. A man who will cut down another that was hanged and steal a ring off his finger is—well we won't express ourselves further.

What Montgomery Blair thinks of his resolution which passed the Maryland legislature last week, is given in the following Washington intelligence of 2 inst:

Montgomery Blair was on the floor of the House, this afternoon, and attracted general and widespread attention on both sides of the Chamber. A number of members had short conferences with him, and nearly every one had some question to ask in regard to the resolutions proposing to proceed to a proper decision of the last Presidential election. This evening Mr. Blair summed up the impression which these rapid conferences had left on him, by saying that he was convinced that a majority of the House would certainly be in favor of any legislation which might be needed to make effective the resolutions passed by the Maryland Legislature, and open the way for the appearance of the Attorney-General of that State, in obedience, before the Supreme Court. Of the result of such an appearance Mr. Blair said he had no doubt whatever, and he expressed it as his opinion that Mr. Tilden would be in the White House sixty days after the case was opened in the Supreme Court.

We notice in one of our exchanges a litigant claims the value of a railroad track laid on his land by a trespasser.

In 1869 the Nesquehoning Valley Railroad Company entered upon lands of the Bunting family, a mile or two from Mauch Chunk, and proceeded to build their road through it. No proceedings were taken under the railroad law to secure the land, and consequently the Buntings brought an action of ejectment against the company. When the case came on for trial judgement was confessed, and the railroad filed a petition to have viewers appointed to assess the damages suffered by the owners of the land. Viewers were appointed accordingly, and fixed the amount at $4,-885,94. Not satisfied with this the owners appealed from the viewers to the Common Pleas, but the second jury cut down the award to $1,074,41. It was contended by the Buntings at the trial that as the company were trespassers upon the land previous to the filing of their petition everything erected upon it belonged to the owners, consequently the ties, rails, etc., laid across the land should be estimated by the jury in assessing damages as if they formed a part of the land taken. The Court was instructed to charge the jury to this effect, but declined and instructed them that the measure of damages was the market value of the land at the time of its occupancy by the railroad. A writ of error was taken by the Buntings to the Supreme Court, and yesterday on the argument they contended that this charge of the Court was erroneous, because whatever was affixed to the land by a trespasser immediately became a part of it and was the property of the land-owner. Decision reserved.

The *Sun* says that Theodore was to see Elizabeth recently. It says:

Some few weeks ago, for what reason no one seems to know, Mrs. Morse yielded to Tilton's desire to an extent, and brought about a meeting between her daughter and her son-in law without the consent connivance or knowledge of the former. Of the details of that meeting it would be absurd to pretend to know. The fact of a meeting is all that is known, save that then and there Mrs. Tilton told Mr. Tilton distinctly that she would never live with him again. There were no lawyers, no friends, no children made parties to the consultation, and all the reported going and coming of this, that and the other child is simple fabrication. When the parties separated it was distinctly understood that the children were—all of them—common property and subject to a common discipline, free to be called by one or the other, as seemed best for them. And such has been the constant habit.

The desire to have Hon. C. A. Mayer re-elected president judge of this district is contagious—people outside are about as unanimous that he should be re-elected as the people in the district. What could hinder it from being thus?

The House of Representatives of this state was a regular mob on Friday last—the most disgraceful confusion and disorder reigned for nearly an hour. Yells, screams, bawls, fists, slamming desk lids, &c., &c., were the order. Shame, oh shame, and all this at the rate of $10 per day for each son of a hickory in that body. A little buck-shot war, that would drive some of these rowdies out of the back windows, a la Thad Stevens, would be in order just now.

One of the buildings at the Steuben county Poorhouse, near Bath, New York, was burned on Saturday night, and fifteen inmates perished. The building was set on fire by an insane pauper, who also lost his life.

A steam saw mill in Morrisdale, Clearfield county, owned by Hon. George R. Barrett, was burned down a few nights ago. The fire was started by an incendiary.

Nine coaches of emigrants for Kansas went West on the fast line, Pennsylvania Railroad, Tuesday afternoon. Most of the passengers were from points along the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

The aggregate log crop of the Clearfield region this year is a little over 36,000,000 feet, valued at $333,000. About 1,000 rafts were made, 300 of which are still in the woods, 700 were put in the streams, and 500 of these have reached Lock Haven.

Some enterprising parties are still boring for oil in Clinton county, and a hole has been made on Kettle creek thirteen hundred feet deep. They have struck gas and the supply is nearly large enough to run the engine.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE STATE GOVERNMENT.

In the debate upon the Bank Commissioner Bill, Hon. A. H. Dill made some very interesting remarks in favor of greater economy in the State government, from which we extract the following to show some of the increased expenses that the party in power has imposed upon the people:

In 1860 just before the war the ordinary expenses of the State, excluding all extraordinary expenses, such as the payment of loans or interest on the public debt were $1,000,143.83. In 1866, after the war, after inflation had produced the rise in prices they were $1,-837,773.56. Two dollars then scarcely purchased as much as one dollar now. From that time money constantly appreciated, and yet in 1876 the extraordinary expenses amounted to $3,655,184-89, being two hundred and sixty-five per cent. above the expenses of 1860. This too at a period when a dollar would purchase nearly as much as in 1860. Take the items of these expenses and you will see how they have increased.

In 1860 the department expenses were $47,910,69. In 1866, notwithstanding the increase of business occasioned by the war, they were only $79,143.89; yet in 1876 they are $166,254.48, being 265 per cent. over 1860, and 90 per cent. over 1866. Take the judiciary, to which I more particularly directed my attention:

Take the judiciary. In 1860 the judiciary only cost $145,095.42, in 1866 $214,-057.23, in 1876 $487,329.39, being 235 per cent. over 1870, and 127 per cent. over 1866. Now it is true only thirty-nine judges were required under the old constitution, which number has been increased to seventy-one judges and five orphans' court judges under the new constitution, but whatever may be the occasion of the expense it has certainly been incurred.

In 1860 the Senate expenses were $85,-207,39; the House expenses were $124,-067.26. A Senator cost $1,612 and a member of the House $1,240.

In 1866 the Senate expenses were $79,-130.20, and of the House $193,947.05. A Senator cost $2,395 and a member of the House $1,939.

In 1874, the year before the increase in the number of members, the Senate expenses were $134,460.76 and the House expenses were $269,084.13. A Senator cost $4,074 and a member of the House $2,690.

Now, strange to say, for the first legislature after the increase of members the expenses of the Senate were $116,735.86, and of the House $363,701.72. A Senator then cost only $2,886, and a member of the House $1,817. It is true at the session of 1874 the salary paid was $1,-500, on account of the length of the session. But see the difference. The expenses of the legislature of two hundred members and fifty Senators and only about $70,000 more than they were in 1874, and the average to each member is nearly what it was in 1860. I say to every Senator, if he will take up the subject and make the comparison, he will find a steadily increasing ratio of public expenses instead of any decrease, which the condition of the people demands. And here is a proposition to create a new department, to fix an additional permanent expense on the State.

A DEADBEAT ARRANGEMENT.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION TO PARIS—FREIGHT AT $900 A TON.

From the Detroit News.

Washington, March 27.—The management of the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition promises to pan out with the usual amount of corruption, idiotic extravagance, and extravagant idiocy. Twenty commissioners have been appointed, each with a salary of $1,200, and 100 honorary commissioners without any salary, all of whom are popularly supposed to be charged with the duty of attending to the American exhibit, and the business connected therewith. Of the commissioners appointed, not one, so far as I have been able to ascertain, understands the French language, and many of them do violence to the English. Not only do they have clerks to do the routine work of the commission, but men are employed to attend the duties which the commission was specially selected to perform. For instance, in the art department a special corps of men is employed in New York to select pictures to be sent to Paris, and a superintendent to take charge of the pictures and take them to the Exposition. What bothers a man of a common understanding is to know what are to be the duties of the 120 commissioners if it is not to perform the work that belongs to them to do.

But the worst part of the performance consists in the freight department, and the deadbeat passenger system established. For instance, one of the ships employed by the Secretary of the Navy to transport goods intended for the exhibit is the Constitution. The expense of fitting her out was $60,000 ship is manned by 28 officers and 180 seamen, and was loaded with a freight of 110 tons—about as much as an Erie canal boat would carry. The whole cost of the cruise of this ship cannot be less than $100.000, which will bring the freight up to $900 per ton. In the case of the other five ships to be employed, the rate will be about in proportion. The amount of freight to be transported is set down at about 1,000 tons, for which six ships are to be employed, manned by 110 officers and over 1,000 seamen, the whole cost of which is set down at not less than $750,-000, or about $750 per ton for the freight transported. The infamy of this extravagance can only be fully appreciated when it is known that responsible shippers have offered to transport that freight, fully insured, for $2 per ton, or $2,000 for the whole, against three-quarters of a million, which it will actually cost the Government. The fact is, the whole scheme of employing Government ships to transport this freight was got up to give a horde of supernumerary deadbeats in the navy an opportunity to visit the Paris Exposition at the expense of the people.

The *Tribune*: Lord Salisbury's circular to the European Powers' is one of the most interesting documents the Eastern question has produced. It is intended to explain why the British Government refused to enter the Congress, and to defend the attitude it has assumed. In brief, Lord Salisbury's reason is that he could not allow the Russians "reservations" to nullify practically the Treaty of Paris and the declaration made at London in 1871. Taking, then, the Russo-Turkish treaty as his text, Lord Salisbury contends that the new Bulgaria would overslaugh the neighboring provinces; that the proposed Province would be essentially Russian, and that Muscovite influence would permeate Thessaly and Epirus to the prejudice of Greece. He paints in gloomy colors the general effect of the treaty, and discovers great wickedness in the indemnity which might be commuted for more territory or made the means of entirely subordinating Turkish to Russian policy. The gravest objection, Lord Salisbury finds, apparently, is that a nation which exercises formal authority over Egypt, should be so closely pressed by the "outposts of a "greatly superior Power that its independent action, and even existence, is almost impossible." It will be seen that the new Foreign Minister exalts the Russian triumph to a degree which has not been attained at St. Petersburg where the people consider that the Czar might have made better terms. But Lord Salisbury could hardly do otherwise since his dispatch is intended to elicit Austrian and Greek approval in view of coming events. The general effect of the circular must be to widen the breach between Russia and England, and to make the former feel that she will have to defend with the sword the rights she has won on the battle-field. With England so irreconcilably opposed to the treaty, we shall probably hear no more of the Congress. Diplomacy seems to have reached its limit. England must now sullenly submit to the Turkish settlement or openly resist it.

THIRTY BUILDINGS BURNED.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 6.—Thirty frame houses in the lower part of the city, owned by the Lochiel Iron Company, were totally destroyed by fire this evening. Loss $12,000; insurance unknown. About one-half of the houses were unoccupied.

Mrs. Jennie Fowler, in attempting to shoot an apple from the head of Mile. Volante on the stage of the Pawtucket, R. I., Opera House, night, of 6, sent a rifle bullet through the latter's head, killing her instantly.

DETAILS OF THE MURDER OF THE EARL OF LEITRIM, HIS CLERK AND DRIVER.

London, March 3.—The following further details of the assassination of the Earl of Leitrim and his clerk and driver have been telegraphed from Dublin. The Earl of Leitrim left his residence at Milford shortly before 8 o'clock yesterday morning, accompanied by his clerk, and was driving on an outside car to Derry to meet his solicitor. He always carried arms. It is supposed that the assassins concealed themselves behind a low embankment between the road and plantation, and that having first shot the Earl of Leitrim, they shot the clerk and the driver so there might be no witness. The driver was shot in the mouth the ball ranging upward, and the clerk behind the ear, both probably at close quarters. His Lordship's valet was driving about a mile behind, and on coming up found his master and the clerk lying dead on the road. Life was still in the driver. The assassins meanwhile escaped in a boat across Mulroy Bay. The valet drove back to Milford and alarmed the police, who, coming to the place found the driver still alive, but unconscious. He died shortly afterwards. There is no doubt that the murder was agrarian. The relations between the Earl of Leitrim and his tenants were unfriendly. His lordship was kind and liberal to the poor, but was very particular and exacting in his dealings with his tenantry, visiting with unsparing severity the slightest infraction of the rules of the estate. The Ribbon Society has a strong hold upon the country, owing, in a great measure, to his harshness. He had an iron will which disregarded alike appeals or menaces, and he possessed extraordinary courage and perseverance in pursuit of his purposes. The Times, in an editorial on the assassination, says: "It is no exaggeration to say that the news of the murder of the Earl of Leitrim, which caused a profound sensation in the House of Commons yesterday, when confirmed by the Irish Secretary, has struck this country with as much pain and amazement as an unprovoked declaration of war."

Two men named McTaggart and Frid have been arrested on board a steamer going from Rathmullen to Londonderry on suspicion of complicity in the murder of Lord Leitrim.

THE VAST ARRAY OF OFFICE-SEEKERS PASS IN GRAND REVIEW.

Washington, April 6.—The new blue book is out, and contains some statistics which "the masses" would do well to consider. The volume is a cumbrous and costly one, and contains the name of every person employed in Federal service, gives $3,880 as the total number of Federal office-holders of all kinds and degrees. This is about 1 in 450 of the total population, or one for every 90 voters. The vast number of office seekers ceases to excite surprise when these figures are known, for if there were but five applicants for every place this would make one in every eighteen of the voting population a Federal place-hunter. But when the State and local officers are added to the Federal the number of persons who are paid for attending to the business of ruling the remainder becomes frightful to contemplate. Counting school officers, constables, and justices of the peace with the more important placemen, it is probable that the State and local office holders are at least as numerous as those in Federal employment, and at that rate one man in forty-five voters would be drawing his support from the public purse, or in other words, every collection of forty-five voters throughout the country is obliged to support one man by their labor in order to maintain such government as we have. But if we allow five place-hunters for every State and local place, as well as for the Federal offices, the result would show that every ninth voter in the entire Republic is an office-seeker. And yet the cry is over-production and hard times.

FROM WASHINGTON.

There is a rumor that the main topic of discussion in Saturday's caucus was Mr. Montgomery Blair's bill in the Maryland Legislature about the Presidency, the question with the Senators being what course they, as republicans, had better pursue if Mr. Blair's bill by passing both houses of the Legislature should take a practical shape. The rumor adds that the general determination of the Senators was not to oppose any movement having for its object to oust Mr. Hayes, but that nothing in the matter was actually decided on. The difficulty in this question is said to lie here—the anti-Hayes men would like to see Mr. Hayes put out and Mr. Tilden installed, believing that this would give the republican party a better chance in 1880 than it will otherwise have. But they see that any effort to oust Mr. Hayes must, at the outset, show how the Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida election frauds; and this would personally involve a number of eminent republicans and convict all the party leaders of participation in very gross wrong doing.

The truth in the matter probably is that as the anti-Hayes men have so vainly endeavored to move the President from his course, and as they have been made desperate by his calm resistance to their will they are now playing their last card by an attempt to frighten him with a bugaboo about a breach of order, a threat to transport Mr. Blair's movement. There has been a good deal of consultation about this matter for some weeks, and it is known that a prominent republican Senator suggested some time ago that one way to get Mr. Hayes out, and perhaps on the whole the most judicious for the republicans, would be to wait until 1879, when the democrats in all probability will have a majority in both houses, and then persuade them to have Tilden and Hendricks sworn in, receive Mr. Tilden's message and other Executive communications, send to him all bills and other official documents and rigorously isolate Mr. Hayes. Unfortunately for the success of this plan, it does not strike the democrats so favorably as it does some of the republicans.

The President will scarcely back down before all these threats. It is reported that he says he is carrying out the pledge of the party made in the Cincinnati platform; he is sorry so many republican Senators do not wish to carry out these pledges, but he does not believe that these Senators will be able to break up the republican party on the petty question of spoils and patronage on which they are getting up a fight. He remains tranquil and readily admits that the Senate has the constitutional right to reject his nominations, but Senators have no right to attempt to dictate nominations to him. This is understood to be his position, and he believes the people are with him and will not sympathize with Senators who make trouble in the country and try to break down the party on a mere question of a few offices.

Henry Ward Beecher's new house on the Hudson, near Peekskville, is described by the World as an imposing structure, with three stories of gables, verandas and bow windows. The vestibule is done in raised velvet, and finished in oil paint. The staircase is of polished cherry, Eastlake design, as is also the wood work; gold, silver, crimson and velvet are associated in the wall and ceiling decorations. Mr. Beecher's own room has a ceiling of blue and dove color. In the basement is a large billiard-room, well furnished with material for the gentleman's game. In this elegant mansion the preacher who gets $20,000, and the lecturer who adds $10,-000 more a year, will pass his remaining days, while Tilton and lady, it is said will go to Europe.

Very few, perhaps, of our readers are strangers to the popular dry goods establishment of Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, but only those who have visited their store within the past few weeks can form any idea of the immense assortment now on exhibition, of those unique French novelties in dress textures, which of late have become so fashionable.

Foreseeing the great demand for these goods, a member of the firm visited the manufacturing centres of France and personally selected the choicest styles, many of which are confined to themselves and are shown nowhere else in this country.

The cheaper fabrics, this firm now, as heretofore, are distributing to their customers at the same price per yard as the country merchant pays for the identical goods by the case.

Every department of the house is conducted on the principle of delivering goods to the people at one small uniform profit above cost of production.

We would remind our lady readers who cannot spare the time to visit Eighth and Market streets in person, to avail themselves of this firm's original system of "shopping by mail," which gives the most distant customer as nearly as possible all the advantages of the Philadelphia resident.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The British Fleet to be Kept Out of the Black Sea if Possible.

London, April 5.—The military situation is beginning to attract attention. The Servian occupation of Bulgaria as far as Plevna is believed to be intended to cover the Russian line of communication and relieve the Russian troops, which will be concentrated south of the Balkans.

At the same time, there are indications that the Russian troops lately at Sofia and north of Adrianople are moving towards the southeast, perhaps because it is considered advisable to strengthen as much as possible the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas, or it may be the intention to abandon the lines of land communication, and rely almost exclusively for the conveyance of reserves and supplies on marine transport over the Black sea in consequence of the attitude of the Roumanians. From the latter point of view it may be natural to infer that the Russians will do everything possible to keep the British fleet out of the Black sea, though it is not believed here that even the occupation of the northern shore of the Bosphorus by the Russians would prevent Admiral Hornby from forcing a passage. Some Russian divisions are now echelened on the road to Buyukdere, and a total force of about 30,000 troops collected within easy striking distance. Between these and Buyukdere there are some Turkish brigades which could probably hold the place till assistance arrived if energetically employed and loyally commanded in co-operation with the British, but they must in time be overwhelmed, for the Russians, even allowing for all deductions, should still muster at least 75,000 combatants in front of Constantinople. On the peninsula of Gallipoli or the neighboring mainland in front of the position of Boulair, there are probably about 50,000 Russians, while at Salonica and on the lines of communication there may be scattered some 50,000 more. The war office at St. Petersburg is stated to be dissatisfied with the condition of the muster rolls, and is making strong exertions to hurry up the reserves.

The *Times* has a special dispatch from St. Petersburg, saying: "An inspired article in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* says, the conviction that England's demands are incompatible with the interests of Russia and Europe will find firm support in the public opinion of this empire. Notwithstanding this decided language all hope of a peaceful solution is not yet abandoned."

A Berlin special to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "Germany is again busily mediating between Austria and Russia with a view to adjusting the differences."

Berlin, April 5.—One of the minor journals of this city to-day published an extra edition stating that preparations are making for mobilizing the German army, and also containing other alarming statements. In the German parliament the minister of war declared the statements were absolutely untrue.

Calcutta, April 5.—In consequence of the European political crisis the Indian government is considering certain precautionary measures.

Constantinople, April 5.—The British ironclad, Devastation, has arrived in the Gulf of Ismid. No more ironclads are expected in the sea of Marmora but the fleet in Besika will be strengthened.

A private interview between the sultan and Grand Duke Nicholas the former reiterated his protest against any attempt to embark Russian troops at Zuludadere. The Turks at Maslake and Buyukdere are constructing an entrenched camp. They have received artillery and a quantity of ammunitions.

A TERRIBLE RAILROAD CRASH

An Oil Train Runs Into a Coal Train.

Slatington, Pa., April 5.—Train No. 49, leaving Mauch Chunk about ten minutes after four, reached this place discovering that there was a hot journal, and stopped to cool it off. While waiting, engine No. 154, drawing forty oil tanks and four freight cars, that left Mauch Chunk about ten minutes later, came speeding along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and ran into the rear of train 49, the jar of which threw several cars from the track, exploded the engine, broke the bridge, which is a total wreck, and precipitated some fifteen oil tanks in Trout creek. The oil tanks caught fire and illuminated the neighborhood for miles around, and had it not been for the presence of mind of Edwin Connor, who suggested that the cars of the rear portion of the train be uncoupled and by main force be pushed back, the whole town would have been destroyed. Twenty cars were pushed back, and, the wind blowing from the town, prevented any greater damage. The machine shop and foundry of Brown & Williams is a total loss, estimated at $30,000, with no insurance. A portion of the engine, by the explosion, was blown through the roof of a house occupied by Jacob Hummel, situated about 100 yards from the explosion, striking near the bed occupied by Hummel and wife. Fortunately nobody was hurt. Several buildings were shattered and glasses broken. Portions of the engine and cars were thrown over 300 yards.

Slatington, Pa., April 5.—The names of the killed and burned at the disaster this morning are as follows: Wm. Shoemaker, killed; Daniel Reber, Edward Seibert, Geo. Ives, Jno. Kehner, Aaron Snyder, Wm. Kaysg, Jr. Goldbery, Jno. Rohrbach, David Hughes, Samuel Marshall and Authur Williams, burned and wounded. Four or five of the injured are not expected to recover. Two other oil tanks have exploded. The Mauch Chunk fire department are working hard to save property. Many streams of water are pouring on the fire and houses. Great excitement prevails here.

—Appointments of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Lewisburg, Pa. March 27-April 1, 1878

Altoona District.

S. C. SWALLOW, Presiding Elder.
Altoona 1 t Church—R B Hamlin.
do 5th do —M K Foster.
do Chestn't Av —P Sherlock.
Hollidaysburg—J A Demoyer.
Duncansville—J M Clarke.
Martinsburg—Wm Gwynn, J Wood, jr.
Williamsburg—R H Wharton.
Logan Valley—Geo Guyer.
Tyrone—E H Yocum.
Port Matilda—J W Haughawout.
Milesburg and Unionville—J B Shaver.
Howard—J B Akers, one to be suppl'd.
Penn's Valley—W R Whitney.
Bellefonte—A D Yocum.
Pleasant Gap—J F Craig.
Half Moon—G W Bouse.
Pine Grove—Hugh Linn.
Warrior's Mark—Isaac Heckman.
Birmingham—A W Decker.
Philipsburg—H C Pardoe.
Grahamton—J F Brown.
Osceola and Houtzville—J A Woodcock.
Clearfield—J S McMurray.
Clearfield Mission—W H Dill.
Woodland—R P Campbell
Glearfield Circuit—W S Wilson.
Curwensville—Geo Leidy.
Lumber City—Furman Adams.
New Washington—G B Argue.
Glen Hope—W W Dunmire.
Snow Shoe—I Edwards.
Congress Hill—J R King.

J S W. Dean, Professor in Pennsylvania College, member of Bellefonte Quarterly Conference.

Wm. Earnshaw Chaplain of the National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers, at Dayton, Ohio; Member of Warrior's Mark Quarterly Conference.

J R Hykes and A. J. Cook, Missionary to Kiu Kiang, China.

Trial List for 3rd Monday of April, (15th day) of April, 1878.

B. F. Clow use of vs. Derby Coal Co. of Pa. et al
Jacob Z. Long vs H. A. Merriman, et al.
J. H. Duck's Admrs. vs D. M. Wagner.
Henry Stevens vs Jno. F. Fowler & Co.
Jos. W Foimer vs Wm. Askey.
Jacob Reasner vs Abram Stewart.
A. M. Lindsey vs Henry Miller.
Schmidt & Friday vs F. M. Hall.
A. Baum vs Isaac Miller.
W. H. H. Robinson vs W. A. Faust et al.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

THE PRESENT STATE OF EDISON'S GREAT INVENTION.

And What Will be the Probable Come-Out.

The New York *Evening Post* has been investigating the phonograph—what it can do now, and what it may do in the future. It says the most common mistake regarding the invention is that electricity has anything to do with it, or that the machine is costly or in any way complicated in its working. Then follows the plainest explanation we have yet seen. Says the *Post*.

On a table near the centre of the room was the far-famed phonograph, which can be briefly described as follows: A hollow cylinder of brass, about nine inches long and five inches in diameter, is placed horizontally in very much the same way that a piece of wood or metal is placed between the chucks of a lathe to be turned; a brass rod runs through the centre of the cylinder, and at the end of this rod is a little crank which enables one to turn the cylinder around at any rate of speed desired; the rod to which this handle is fixed has a screw thread cut on its surface, so that when the cylinder is turned it shifts slowly to one side in such a way that if a pencil is held in a stationary position against the cylinder while it is turning it would trace a line like the thread of a screw. Instead of using a pencil a diminutive drum with only one tympanum (the lower one) is used; firmly attached to the under side of this lower tympanum is a small steel point like the point of a needle. When the bottom of this drum is made to vibrate from any cause—a touch, or even the vibration of the air—this steel point will vibrate with it, and in this simple fact is the whole secret of the phonograph. A thin sheet of common tin foil, such as is used to wrap tobacco in, is placed around the brass cylinder, which is set in motion; the little drum is now placed so that the point of the needle just touches the tin foil. The slightest movement of the tympanum of the drum will make the needle scratch the surface of the tin sheet as the cylinder moves. Talking into the open end of the drum gives the tympanum this needed vibration. Suppose that a sentence eight or ten words long is spoken into the little drum, and the line which the needle makes on the tin sheet is examined, the line is seen to be made up of tiny dots which the point of the needle made; where the pitch of the voice was high the vibrations of the drum-skin or tympanum were very radid, and the dots very close together; where the voice was deep, the dots were farther apart. Where the sound was very loud, the vibrations of the tympanum were very energetic, and the point was pushed far in, and made very deep indentations. If, now, the needle point is placed at the beginning of this dotted line and held on the line while the cylinder turns, exactly the same kind of vibrations will be imparted to the drum by the needle passing over the indentations as the drum imparted to the needle when the indentations were made. If the indentations are very close together the vibrations of the drum-skin will be very rapid, and the note heard will be correspondingly high, and under contrary conditions the note will be correspondingly low.

According to the *Post* the voice of the phonograph in its present state of perfection is that of a person talking in a loud voice in an adjoining room with the door closed. Any sound, no matter what, is faithfully reproduced. Laughing, whistling, coughing, singing, and ordinary speaking. The invention is yet in its infancy, and what may be the improvements which will speedily and probably follow it is impossible to say. Mr. Edison has already succeeded in making the phonograph sufficiently delicate to record and reproduce the words of a speaker, talking in an ordinary way, four feet from the instrument. The power with which the sound can be reproduced depends entirely on the species of sounding-board which is used, and on this point more decided results will no doubt soon be obtained. At present in a large room full of persons there is no difficulty in hearing the words distinctly from all parts of the room. The amount of talking can be recorded on a small piece of tin foil is marvellous. Mr. Edison has succeeded in putting forty-eight thousand words on a sheet of tin foil about ten inches square. So far, thin copper sheets have been found to work most satisfactorily, and it is probable that diamond points will ultimately be used. Mr. Edison is confident that he will soon be able to reproduce the slightest whisper as well as the screech of a steam whistle.

OLDEST MAN LIVING.

A Half Breed Indian in Bogota 180 Years Old.

At a recent meeting of physicians in Bogota, Dr. Luiz Hernandez read a paper of unusual interest. It was an account of a visit he had paid to one Miguel Solis, a half breed farmer living in the foot hills of the Sierra Medilla. The remarkable thing about Miguel is that he gives himself out as 180 years old, "more or less," and all his neighbors believe it is a good deal more rather than less. Gray-headed men told the Doctor that they remembered Miguel, as a reputed centenarian when they were boys; also that the name of Miguel Solis, colored farmer, appeared in a list, still preserved, of the contributors to the building fund of a Franciscan monastery near San Sebastian, which was founded in 1712, and that the present Abbott is positive it is the same man. The Doctor found the old fellow at work in his orchard—parchment-skinned, robust, his snow-white hair twisted turban fashion around his head, and his eyes so bright that the Doctor felt uncomfortable when they were turned upon him. Questioned as to his habits, Miguel told the Doctor that the secret of living a century or two was very simple—merely never getting drunk and never over-feeding. "I eat only once a day—a big hearty meal, which it often takes me half an hour to get through with; but, you see, it is not possible in a half an hour to eat more than you can digest in the next twenty four." He went on to say that he hadn't made up his mind about meat, but did not eat much of it; he fasted on the first and middle days of each month, eating nothing, but drinking all the water he could swallow; he always let cooked food cool before tasting it; that was why his teeth were as sound as 180 years ago. It was hardly necessary to add that all the Indians of the neighborhood firmly believed that old Miguel has sold his soul to the devil.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the Clerk of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for Centre county, and that application will be made at the next Sessions of said Court to grant the same:

Fred. Smith,	Bellefonte Boro.		Saloon.
Housest & Teller,	do		Tavern.
E D. Cummings,	do		do
Dan'l Garman,	do		do
Augustus Krom,	do		do
Edward Brown,	do		do
F. D. M'Collum,	do		do
Jacob Manassas,	do		Saloon
H. H. Yeager,	do		do
A Baum,	do		Wholesale.
Sam'l H. Kunes,	Liberty twp.		Tavern
Henry Robb,	Walker twp.		do
Jno. H. Odenkirk,	Potter twp.		do
Jonathan Kreamer,	Penn twp.		do
R. V. Shaffer,	Howard boro,		do
John Spangler,	Potter twp.		do
W. S. Musser,	Penn twp.		do
Gotleib Haag,	Spring twp.		do
Robert Loyd,	Philipsburg boro.		do
Martin Leitzel,	Potter twp.		do
Alois Koblbecker,	Boggs twp.		do
C. A. Faulkner,	Philipsburg boro.		do
John Ramsdale,	do		do
Jeffrey Hayes,	Rush twp.,		do
David H. Ruhl,	Snow Shoe,		Saloon
Jas. Passmore,	Philipsburg boro,		Tavern.
Geo. A. Keller,	Rush twp.		do
Henry L. Stetler,	do		Saloon.
Shadrack Stetly,	Ferguson twp.		Tavern.
Jackson E. Roush,	Miles twp.		Tavern.
	A. WILLIAMS.		
March 26, 1878.			Clerk.
Chas. Brown,	Bellefonte boro,		wholesale.
Peter Weber,	Phillipsburg		Saloon.

DOGS IN THE GREAT STORM.

Although Starving, they Carry Meat given them to their Starving Master.

From the Omaha Herald.

The recent storm upon the plains was, perhaps, the most severe ever known. On the morning of the storm, two freighters, Mr. James McDermott and companion, started from Camp Robinson for Sidney with their teams. They soon were lost and became separated, and on last Saturday Mr. McDermott was found under the following circumstances: He had wandered for twelve days, accompanied by two dogs, without food of any kind, exposed to the storm day and night, sleeping without shelter or covering on the cold ground, and had wasted away to a mere skeleton. To add to his sufferings, one day he saw near him some cow boys, but was too weak to call loud enough to attract their attention, and like a shipwrecked seaman who sees a sail approach, but before it comes within hailing distance bears away again and disappears, he saw them pass from him. On last Saturday these same cow boys heard a faint barking or yelping like that of dogs, and, following the sound, they came to them. The dogs were also reduced to skeletons, and scarcely had strength to stand, being in the last stages of starvation. The cow boys threw them some meat, but instead of eating it themselves, they picked it up in their mouths, got on their trembling limbs, and tried to carry it to their master. And thus he was found. The fact that the dogs refused to eat the meat given them, although they were dying of starvation, but attempted to carry it to their famishing master, is testified to by men of unimpeachable veracity.

Mr. McDermott was carried to Sidney, where he is under the care of the Post Surgeon, with fair prospects of recovering although badly frozen, while the dogs have been cared for at a camp near where they were found. McDermott in his weak state talks constantly of his dogs, and begs for them to be brought to his bedside, which wish will be gratified soon. Many things connected with the great storm will doubtless long be remembered, and the stories told around many a camp fire, but we predict that the one longest remembered and oftenest repeated will be the story of the two dogs, who, when dying with hunger, and the food in their mouths refused to eat, but tried to carry it to their starving master.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires; the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings and 1260 large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address,

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 24 mar. 4t.

Crayon-painting.—*Get your Photographs Enlarged*—The undersigned is prepared to enlarge all Photographs, in which the features are plain, especially the eyes. In sending pictures always mention the Color of Eyes and Hair. Price, $1 for one person, and 75 cts. each for all taken from the same photograph thereafter.

Handsome Frames furnished at the following prices, 8x10 Oval, 1.90 and 1.20. Square, 1.75 1.00 and 1.25. In ordering, mention the kind (oval or square), also the price of frame you want. If not inconvenient, persons are expected to come for their pictures, being notified when finished. For further particulars address,

CHAS. W. DERSTINE, *Centre Hall, Pa.*

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim,

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. myb-72t.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the Industrious Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. 2 may y

That old Brick Building
at 6th and Market
in Philadelphia where
Wanamaker and Brown
STARTED
to earn a good name
by making ONLY
Real Good Clothing
is this year
"Full and running over"
with that kind of Clothing
that Men and Boys may =
DEPEND ON
Please Call W&B Oak Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

.....Special Notices.....

PIMPLES,

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm to remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct, stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co, 29 Ann St., N. Y.

To Consuptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instructive and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 50 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dorf & Co. 29 Ann St. N. Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address at once H. CHILDS & CO. 316 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd April 11, '78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Doe 1 jan '78' it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 289, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PHOENIXVILLE GRANGE, No. 36, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after, Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—We are informed that Mr. Henry Fiddler recently purchased Young, Wilson & Co.'s store at Woodward, Pa.

—On last Wednesday night, 3, a top buggy belonging to Rev. Shoemaker at Aaronsburg, was stolen from his shed. We have not learned whether it has been recovered.

—Mr. Jacob Dinges, of this place, has broken ground on his lot for a new two-story brick building, in which he intends starting a grocery.

—All standard patent medicines at F. P. Greens. Fresh drugs, a full and complete assortment always on hand. Fancy articles of every variety, and finest toilet articles always to be had there.

—Col. Reuben Keller formerly of this county, has become landlord of the Montour house, Lock Haven.

— The Centre County Pomona Grange meets on Tuesday, April 16. Three Sessions, 10 a. m., 2 and 7 p. m.
LEONARD RHONE.

—Isaac Miller has left the Cummings house and Col. Krom takes his place as mine host. Messrs. Houseal & Teller have taken possession of the Brockerhoff lately occupied by R. D. Cummings.

—Any of our readers wishing the following seeds from the patent office, can have some by calling at the REPORTER office: Sugar corn, Lowell's evergreen; white corn, improved prolific; broom-corn, improved evergreen; early Minnesota Amber Sorghum or sugar cane.

—We are informed that the youngest child of Mr. John Cox, of Lewisburg, not quite two years of age, fell into the filth of a water closest on Tuesday and was drowned.

— Some emigrants to Kansas from Snyder county, have returned and a letter from P. R. Hoffer advises laboring men not to come out there unless they are "willing to live in dugouts or sod houses and go through the hardships of frontier life."

—Nobody should go to church, or public meeting, hacking away and disturbing the preacher or orator with their cough. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once; it only costs 25 cents a bottle.

—If you want a spring suit of Clothing, cheap, and latest style, just call around at the Eagle Clothing Hall, Newman's headquarters for ready made clothing, where you will find the largest assortment in this county, suited for all classes, and at prices next to first cost. Newman has the reputation for selling cheap, and he deserves it—the people of Centre county have saved thousands of dollars in ready made clothing since the establishment of the Eagle Clothing Hall.

—The Lord's Supper will be administered in the Lutheran church Centre Hall on April 14 at 10 a. m. Preparatory services Saturday previous, at 2 p. m.

—Excellent imperial tea, 60 cents per lb. at Sechler's. A Car load of best stone ware, which will be sold wholesale and retail at Sechlers. Finest sugar cured hams 12½ per lb at Sechlers.

—Go to Heisler's marble works, at Bellefonte, if you want city-like work, and the finest Italian marble

—On last Friday evening while Mr. Thomas A. Hicks of Bellefonte, was, with a pistol, trying some cartridges that were thought to be damaged, the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball striking the 2nd joint of the first finger of the left hand, rendering amputation back into the hand necessary. That cartridge certainly was in prime, and just proved how it could be done. We are sorry for our friend Hicks; and have another warning against the careless handling of fire-arms.

—On last Saturday night a thief entered Murray's drug store and took some $3 in money and about $4 worth of tobacco. The thief either gained admittance through back door which probably had not been locked, or with a false key unlocked front door and went out through back door which can only be locked on the inside.

—Go to Frank Green's for the best fishing tackle, or any kind of fancy article, drugs, medicines, etc., etc.

—On last Sunday forenoon, the north side of Nittany mountain was set on fire and by evening it reached the side facing this town, presenting a grand sight—a chain of fire along the top over a mile in length and spreading fast; the wind was high all day, and clouds of smoke were driven over our town. There is much valuable timber destroyed every spring and fall by these mountain fires; there is a heavy penalty for setting fire to the mountains.

—Lime! Lime! Lime! The cheapest and best lime in the valley at the Centre Hill kilns. Farmers who wish to lime land call at Jonath. Searfass', who will sell you first class lime lower than you can afford to burn it.

—The large estate owned by Lyon, Shorb & Co., was sold at public sale in Tyrone last Friday, and was purchased by S. C. Stewart, of Tyrone Forges for the sum total of $279,000. This property consisted of the Tyrone Forges, Colerain Forge, Pennsylvania Furnace, Bald Eagle Furnace and some seventy acres of land at Tyrone.

Eight thousand California Salmon and 5,000 Brook Trout were put in the Susquehanna at Lock Haven Tuesday by Seth Weeks, Superintendent of the Western hatch house of the State.

—Isaac Humel, a young man of eighteen, of Kreamer, Snyder county, committed suicide, by hanging himself in a barn.

—Read S. & A. Loebs large advertisement and study their low prices. They have now one of the largest and best assortments of goods in Bellefonte, and offer the best bargains in the county. See some of their prices in their big advertisement.

— It is now reliably given out that Tilton and his wife have become reconciled, and will shortly start for Europe

—A CARD TO THE LADIES.—We, the undersigned, have had Switches, Puffs, etc., made by Mrs. Sallie Barnes, and after examining them closely, pronounce them to be better made and at a less price than any we have yet seen, either city or country make.

Mrs. Jane Miller, Mrs. Maggie Tresler, Mrs. Mary Loneberger and Mrs. Lottie Eckenroth, Pleasant Gap. Mrs. Carrie Stewart, Mrs. Glenn and Mattie Rhodes, Bellefonte. Mrs. C. E. Wolf, Mrs. Dr. McEntire, Mrs. Lohr, Mrs. Lot Kimport, Miss Mary Stevens and Miss Sadie Bell, Pennsvalley.

Combings can be sent by mail at a very small cost. All work returned by mail free. Prices, one and two strand switches, $1.00. Three strand switches, $1.25. Puffs 10 cts each. Address,
MRS. SALLIE C. BARNES,
11 ap 4t Pleasant Gap, Pa.

—The owner of a set of dark pigs can save costs by keeping them in pen

—The Concert held in the Evangelical church, on last Saturday evening was a success, under the management of Profs. N. N. Hubler and Lowel M. Meyer. The singing by the class was very good, interspersed with solos, quartettes etc. The Centre Hall Cornet Band played some of their best strains of music which was not at all offensive to the ears of the people.

—The opening of Penn Hall Academy has been postponed until April 22, on account of an operation that Prof. D. M. Wolf was obliged to have performed on one of his eyes.

—Lemons at C. Dinges confectionery, Centre Hall.

—Marble mantels, monuments, head and foot stone, of the most exquisite workmanship, at Heisler's marble works, Bellefonte.

—Why worry and suffer with coughs and colds, when such an excellent remedy as Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot will relieve you. Only try it. Ask your druggist or storekeeper for it, or send to F. P. Green, Bellefonte. It has cured numberless cases.

A FIRST CLASS BUSINESS CHANCE.—HARDWARE, TINWARE AND STOVE STORE FOR SALE.—Located at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., the terminus of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad. Is now a very good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin-shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about 6 miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell store room and contents at first cost. Our reason for selling is that one of us expects to be away a greater part of this summer in the water and steam governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring our whole attention. This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business. For particulars, inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte. THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

—Fine weather changed on Tuesday to cloudy and rain; rain on Wednesday.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

By the way Prof. Mallorys entertainment came off at the time mentioned and to say the least it was a grand success. The programme is entirely too lengthy for statement here, hence—mum.

We are to have a model subscription school here before harvest. It is to open in a week or so with a list of some 40 pupils. A. E. Wolf is teacher.

The other morning J. P. Frank lost one of his best cows. She was valued at forty dollars.

It is now "for a fact" that the firm of Dubbs Wolfe & Co. of which W. F. Baily was agent, has changed hands and is now carried on by Spigelmyer Bros. The verdict is by all that gave them a call thus far that they sell very low, we wish them success.

The talk is that the Lutheran church will be dedicated on the 12 of May. It is just about finished.

Rebersburg can now boast of but one Dentist which is even A. W. Hafer. Undoubtedly great many will procure a cure for tooth ache while the sun shines.

The largest attended sale of the season was that of Jonathan Kreamer of Kreamersville. He sold his farm to Joseph Kreamer and now has the Kansas fever. He intends to leave before long, A. J. Gramley leaves for Iowa in a short time. Isaac Kinney has returned from Kansas and means to move there as soon as he can sell out. The Concers that left five or six weeks ago all like it well.

The other day Philip Gramly came very near backing over a steep bank of some 30 feet with his team. We presume most remember that he slided down that hill before, a few years ago, of course there is nothing like getting used to a thing, but would it not be well to "watch as well as pray" in the future.
HEW MOR

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to democratic rules.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. Ehrhard, of Potter will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

Mr. S. M. Swartz, of Potter, desires to inform his friends and democrats that he will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary. 4t

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The account of Harriet McGinley, administratrix of &c. of Charles McGinley, late of Huston township, deceased.
2. The account of John Musser, jr., executor of &c. of Geo. Musser, late of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
3. The account of Samuel Harter, guardian of Philip P Leitzel, minor son of Philip Leitzel, late of Centre county, deceased.
4. The account of J. H. Reifsnyder, administrator of &c. of D. H. Willow, late of Penn twp. dec'd.
5. The account of Martin Eyer and Samuel Eyer, executors of &c. of Jacob Eyer, late of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
6. The account of George Kauffman and J. M. Garbrick, administrators of &c. of Jacob Kauffman, late of Spring twp. dec'd.
7. The account of William and Israel Yearick, administrators of &c. of William Yearick, sr. late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
8. The account of Samuel Ralston, executor of &c. of Geo. Crain, late of Taylor township, dec'd.
9. The account of John Rishel and William Homan, executors of &c. of Jacob Homan, late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
10. The 3rd. partial account of Col. Jno. Rishel, executor of &c. of Peter Durst, late of Potter twp. dec'd.
11. The account of John Rockey, guardian of James P. Swartz a miner son of George Swartz, late of Spring twp. dec'd.
12. The account of Jonathan Weaver, guardian of Nathaniel Weaver minor son of Solomon Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.
13. The account of Adam Hoy, executor of &c. of Thomazine M. Potter, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
14. The account of Michael Schenck, guardian of William S. Beechdel minor son of David Beachdel, late of Liberty twp. dec'd.
15. The account of C. M. Bower, administrator of &c. of Harriet F. Kinsloe, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd
16. The final account of Isaac S. Frain, guardian of Mary G. Candy, William M. Leoder and George E. Leoder minor children of —— Leoder, late of Marion twp. dec'd.
17. The account of Wm. E. Burchfield and James T. Stewart, executors of &c. of William Burchfield, late of Harris twp. dec'd.
18. The account of S. A. Brew, administrator of &c. of Sarah F. Barrett, late of the borough of Bellefonte dec'd.
19. The account of Mary Wassan, administratrix *de bonis non* of &c. of George E. Wasson, late of College twp. dec'd.
20. The partial account of T. F. Patton and R. G. Brett, administrators of &c. of J. E. Thomas, late of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
21. The first partial account of James Duck, Michael Duck and Henry E. Duck, administrators of &c. of J. Henry Duck, late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
22. The partial account of John B. Wagner and Michael Strohm, executors of &c. of Barnet Wagner, late of Potter twp. dec'd.
23. The first partial account of J. H. Stover and J. B. Alexander, administrators of &c. of Joseph Alexander, late of Union twp., dec'd.
24. The account of Wm. A. and S. F. Ishler, administrators of &c. of Sarah Ishler, late of Benner twp. dec'd.
25. First and final account of M. P. Weaver, administrator of &c. of George Loneberger, late of Milesburg borough dec'd.
26. The first and partial account of David McMonigle, executor of &c. of Stephen H. McMonigle, late of Taylor twp. dec'd.
27. The eleventh annual account of Daniel Rhoads and John Irwin, jr., surviving trustees under the will of Wm. A. Thomas, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.
28. The account of Samuel M. Irwin, administrator of &c. of Margaret Johnston, late of Bellefonte boro. dec'd.

Registers office, } WM. E. BURCHFIELD,
March 25, 1878. } Register.
28 mar. 4t.

Visiting Cards.

50 Mixed Cards 20 cts. 12 Beautiful Floral cards only 20 cts.
WM. KURTZ. Centre Hall, Pa.

JUDGE MAYER!

Hon. C. A. Mayer may well feel proud of the testimonials below, begging him to consent to a re-election as President Judge of this district. If there is one man in this commonwealth who wears the judicial ermine with purity, it is Charles A. Mayer. Nearly ten years upon the bench in this district he has in all that time served with stainless integrity and his fellow citizens almost without a dissenting voice cheerfully accord him the praise due an able and upright judge. Our people are proud of Judge Mayer, and if he lives, they will continue him in his present position with a singular unanimity. His legal learning, sound, clear and ready decisions place him in the front rank of Pennsylvania's jurists.

The following letters have been received by Hon. C. A. Mayer, President Judge of this district, requesting him to be a candidate for re-election:

CLINTON COUNTY.
LOCK HAVEN, Feb. 11, 1878.

HON. CHARLES A. MAYER:

Dear Sir: Your judicial term being about to expire, the undersigned, members of the bar of Clinton county, without distinction of political party, cordially join in requesting and urging your consent to be a candidate for re-election; each one of us pledging you, in that event, his earnest and hearty support.

During your official term we have had the opportunity of closely observing the manner in which you have discharged the duties of your important office, and it gives us pleasure to bear witness to the fairness, the impartiality, and the marked ability that have invariably characterized the discharge of all those duties.

Hoping and trusting that you will have no hesitation in giving your consent to this earnest and united request, we are

Wm Parsons, Jr	C H McKee
Jas Chatham	H T Harvey
S D Ball	S M McCormick
H T Beardsley	C E Lyman
S R Peale	A F Ryon
P S Merrill	Orrin T Noble
Charles Corss	E P McCormick
W A White	T C Hipple
T T Abrams	Geo A Brown
Jesse Merrill	B P Winters
W C Kress	W H Clough

CENTRE COUNTY.
BELLEFONTE, Feb. 6th, 1878.

HON. C. A. MAYER.—Dear Sir: In view of your record as President Judge of the Twenty-Fifth Judicial District, and as an evidence of our high esteem for you and appreciation of your legal and judicial ability, your impartial administration of justice, and of your honor and integrity upon the bench during your judicial term of ten years past, now about to expire, we, the undersigned members of the Centre County Bar, irrespective of political or party distinction, earnestly desire and request that you be a candidate for re-election next fall to the office of President Judge of this the Twenty-Fifth Judicial District. If you consent to be a candidate as requested, we hereby most cheerfully tender and accord to you our hearty support, and shall endeavor to secure your re election without partisan strife or opposition.

D H Hastings	C M Bower
Jno G Love	A Williams
D S Keller	James A Beaver
G W Gephart	W I Keaish
Adam Hoy	David F Fortney
A O Furst	S D Gray
John F Potter	Edmund Blanchard
W A Morrison	H Y Stitzer
J L Spangler	Wilbur F Reeder
W F Reber	Wm H Blair
Wm P Wilson	W P MacManus
S H Yocum	Jas MacManus
Clement Dale	A G Curtin
C T Alexander	J M Hale
J J Lingle	H M Magee
	E M Blanchard

CLEARFIELD.
CLEARFIELD, Mar. 18, 1878.

HON. C. A. MAYER, President Judge:

Dear Sir: Your judicial term being about to expire, the undersigned members of the Bar of Clearfield county, without distinction of political party, cordially join in requesting and urging you to consent to be a candidate for re-election, pledging you in that event out earnest and hearty support. We take this opportunity of bearing our united testimony to the fairness, impartiality, integrity and distinguished ability with which you have always discharged the duties of your office. We hope that you will accede to this request.

We are very truly yours,

Wm A Wallace	G R Barrett
John L Cuttle	Cyrus Gordon
Israel Test	Thomas H Murray
Fredc'k O S Buck	Smith V Wilson
Wm M M'Cullough	Jno A Braniff
David L Krebs	S T Brockbank
Frank Fielding	A G Kramer
Walter Barrett	H W Smith
J B McEnally	A W Walters
Dan'l W McCurdy	Harry F Wallace
W A Arnold	Wm D Bigler
	Oscar Mitchell

CLEARFIELD CO., Mar. —, 1878.

HON. C. A. MAYER, President Judge 25th Judicial District:

Dear Sir: The undersigned, citizens of Clearfield county, irrespective of party, appreciating your eminent fitness, great learning, and rigid and impartial decisions as President Judge among us for ten years past, take this method of expressing our entire approval of your official and private life, and to respectfully urge you to again become a candidate for re-election to the position in which you have become an ornament, and in which your services are so highly appreciated by all law-loving citizens.

With great respect, we beg to remain, respectfully and truly, yours,

Wm Bigler	J Lewis Wrigley
Josiah W Smith	W C Foley
J G Hartswick	T A McGhee
J M Alliums	H Hoover
T J Boyer	Clark Brown
R Mossop	Andrew Pentz
A B Shaw	George Thorn
S P Wilson	Jacob A Faust
Wm H Dill	Abram Ogden
A F Boynton	James A Moore
P A Graulin	E A Bigler
Jno G Lytle	Eli Bloom
D W Moore	W M Shaw
Frank G Harris	Sam'l C Snyder
Cyrenius Howe	W R McPherson
Wm V Wright	D M Daherty
Jno W Howe	H Bridge
D McGaughey	F K Smith
L J Morgan	R S Newton Shaw
L H Ale	J L R Heichhold
Lever Flegar	A M Hills
W W Betts	C Kratzer
J P Weaver	A W Fleck
S B Row	H A Kratzer
Jas McLaughlin	T A Fleck
Geo W Rheem	Harry Fross
C S Barrett	E A Goodfellow
H B Holmes	M J Nichols
T H Shaw	W C Cardon
Wm Reed	John S McCrum
James T Leonard	Jos Shaw
A W Graham	John McLellan
F F Conterot	Hugh Dougherty
A A Adams	T J Cleary
H F Bigler	Fred Sackett
A Guinzburz	O L Moore
Clement W Smith	J H Martin
Jas M Stewart	Wm Rider
C D Watson	J W Birchfield
V B Holt	H A Carlen
J P Burchfield	N P Wilson
H B Spackman	Harry Vanderfool
Samuel Brown	Rev J S McMurray
Wm Porter	Wm Radebaugh
James Wrigley	Arthur Reece
Jno W Wrigley	D S Mitchell
Wm Powell	C B Norris
A D Bigler	Isaac Stage
A N Graham	Wm E Tate
G L Reed	W P Norris
James Kerr	John Norris

Jas K Watson, and others.

—We are sorry to learn of the death Wm. P. M'Manus, esq., of Bellefonte, on Saturday last. It was but a few days previous we had seen him, apparently in his usual health. He was the only son of the venerable James M'Manus, the nester of the Centre county bar.

MARRIED.

On April 4th at Potters Mills, by Rev. G. W. Bouse, J. W. Heaton, of Milesburg to Malinda Walters, of Potters Mills.

On April 9th, at Spruce Town, by the same, James B Lee, of Centre Hill, to Sallie R. Wolf, of Sprucetown.

DIED.

On the 6th inst., near Houserville, Centre county, Mrs. Alice J. Hazel, consort of Samuel Hazel, aged 25 years, 9 months and 2 days.

On 6 inst., near Centre Hall, Rachael wife of John H. Keller, aged 64 years, 3 months and 11 days.

Deceased suffered from a stroke of paralysis in spring of 1868, since which time she has been utterly helpless, with impaired speech, though retaining a sound mind, until close to her last days. She bore her long and severe affliction with perfect Christian resignation, and amid all was cheerful because the Lord in whom all her hope was centered, had willed it so. She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church from her early years until her end. Her funeral on Tuesday morning was very largely attended, the Ref. church at Centre Hall being nearly filled with relatives alone, while others to whom she had long been known were present in large numbers to pay a last tribute of respect to her remains at the tomb. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Grob assisted by Rev's Fisher and Bouse. (EE.)

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Desire to keep before the people the great advantage which they are able to offer to purchasers of every description of Dry Goods.

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS AND EXCLUSIVELY CASH PURCHASES

Enable us to secure all our supplies at the lowest possible rates, and it is safe to say at least 25 per cent. lower than any house whose business is transacted on the credit system. A large business and moderate expenses permit very small profits, and having all these advantages, there can be doubt that we distribute goods to consumers at much lower prices than are usual, and at least as low as the same goods are sold at wholesale.

It is impossible to name but a few items out of our immense stock, but samples of every description of goods cheerfully forwarded on application by mail.

SPRING SUITINGS,
12½ CENTS
POPLIN LUSTURES, 12½ Cts.
One Half Wool, and Desirable Shades.

SPRING CASHMERES,
One-Half Wool.
AT 15 CENTS.

FANCY MOHAIRS, 18 CTS. MANCHESTER AND PACIFIC FANCY MOHAIRS, 18 CTS.

STYLISH NOVELTY SUITINGS, 25c.

FLEURI COSTUME CLOTH.
A Novelty.
AT 31 CENTS.

STRIPED ALL-WOOL BEIGE, at 22 Cents, worth 37½ Cents.

MOHAIR BEIGE, 20 Cts.

GAINSBORO' MOHAIR GLACES, 25 Cts.

TALAVERA MOHAIR MIXTURES, 31 Cents.

The two last named lots are 25 per cent lower than same qualities have ever before been sold at.

48-inch CAMEL'S HAIR, 62½ Cts. PLAIN ALL-WOOL DE BEGES, 25 Cents.

PLAIN ALL-WOOL DE BEGES, Best Quality, 35 Cents.

CASHMERE BEIGES, 24, 36, 46, 48 Inches Wide.
And in all qualities.

CASHMERE BEIGE NEIGEUSE All Silk and Wool, 37½ Cents.

BEAUTIFUL SILK-MIXED NOVELTIES,
At 50, 56, 60, 62½, 75 cts. and upwards.

BUNTINGS IN ALL COLORS
AND IN EVERY WIDTH.

LACE BUNTINGS.

The most complete line of shades and styles to be found in Philadelphia.

Consumers all over the country are invited to share the advantages of our system of doing business, which the Mail Order Department now renders so easy.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
N. W. Cor. Eighth and Market Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

—Mr. Frederick Krumrine, of Ferguson township, died on Thursday 4. Mr. K. was an old residenter of Ferguson, and well known throughout this valley. He was a good citizen, free and outspoken in his opinions, and a staunch democrat.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of Jacob Weaver, in Ferguson township, about the last week in November, a light red heifer, white back, left ear off, nick in underside of right ear, supposed to be 1½ years old when it came there. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law. GEORGE ECKEL,
4 apr, 3t Town Clerk.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.

The Spring Term will open, Monday, April 22, 1878. Tuition and Boarding at reasonable rates. For particulars apply to Rev. D. M. WOLF,
4 apr 2t Penn Hall, Pa.

Penn's Valley Institute.

The third term of this ACADEMIC SCHOOL will commence on the third Monday (15) in April, and continue ten weeks. Tuition per term, from $5 to $8—half in advance. Board from $2.50 to $3 per week. No deduction on account of absence, unless in case of protracted sickness. Location desirable. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
3m G. W. FORTNEY, Centre Hall, Pa.

HENRY BOOZER,
CENTRE HALL,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Flynets, and also keeps on hand Cotton Nets, etc. Prices low as any where else. All kinds of repairing done. The best stock always kept on hand. All work warranted. A share of the public patronage is kindly solicited. 11 apr, 1y

J. D. MURRAY,
[Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.]
Dealer in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, and Druggist's Sundries. Full stock of Confectioneries.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS
For Medicinal Purposes

THE BEST BRANDS OF
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
Have secured the services of Dr. J. F. Alexander, who will attend to the Compounding of Prescriptions. 28 mar. y.

J. H. HAZEL,
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
SPRING MILLS, PA.,
informs the public that he keeps on hand all kinds of furniture, City and Home made, cane and wood seat chairs, etc. Undertaking in all its branches promptly attended to. Coffins and Caskets of all styles furnished, and accommodations with hearse.
4 apr. 6m.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Lee, of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.
A. LUCKENBACH,
Mar 14, 6t. Executor.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

HURRAH FOR
GUGGENHEIMER

FROM THIS DATE (THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEWING SEASON,)

I. GUGGENHEIMER,

Offers his immense Stock of Goods, well assorted in every line, such as

DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, GROCERIES,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, BOOTS,
SHOES, SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,

at such Figures that it is a shame for any one to go away from home to Buy, when Goods are offered at home at prices that will astonish the people in this section of the country.

THE STORE ROOM AT SPANGLER'S Hotel, has been enlarged and splendidly fitted up, so that every one who goes in to examine the stock of Goods, is sure not to leave without buying. You will also find a very large and well selected

STOCK OF CLOTHING.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO BUY YOUR CLOTHING AT HOME INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the present session of the Legislature to pass a law regulating the publication of the legal advertising in the newspapers of the County of Centre, State of Pennsylvania.
EDWARD T. TUTEN.

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patterns; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the best stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

VALENTINES & CO.,

HUMES' NEW BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

ARE NOW PREPARED

For The Fall And Winter Trade.

Bargians Greater Than Ever!

WOOLLEN GOODS, COTTON GOODS,
Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Of every description. DRESS GOODS, in great variety. LADIES COATS, finest and largest assortment ever brought to Bellefonte.

SHAWLS,
BLANKETS,
HATS,
CAPS,
CLOTHING,

IN FACT EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING.

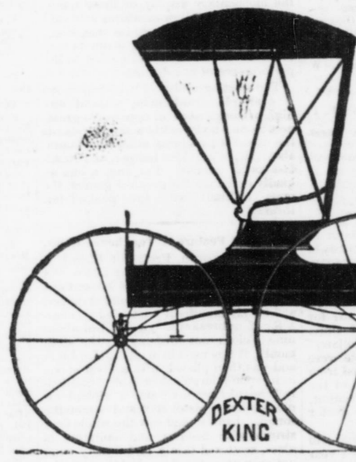
Remember we do business on the ONE PRICE PLAN and therefore insure our prices as the lowest,

☞ NEW GOODS OPENING EVERY DAY.

VALENTINES & CO.

THE DexterSpring

4,000 Set Sold last two years.



The Dexter Spring was a child of necessity. Three or four generations had been jerked almost to death or had their spines twisted into permanent curvature by the continous jerks of the Eliptic Spring, or latterly had their necks broken by the side throw of the Concord.

For these reasons the people demanded a Spring on which they could ride with ease and which would at the same time be strong and substantial.

For meeting this demand by supplying the CELEBRATED DEXTER SPRING which is so rapidly superceding the old styles the Dexter Spring Co. have no apology to offer but rather feel that they owe the Driving Fraternity an apology for *not having* produced it sooner.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF SPRINGS TO

DEXTER SPRING CO.,
HULTON, PA.
3jan23t Near Pittsburgh.

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PARLOR STOVES,
Buy the
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(Single or DOUBLE HEATERS.)

These stoves have TWO ROWS of lights, shaking and dumping grate, arranged to clean out the clinkers. No danger from gas, no parts to burn out, so as to let gas into the upper room. We make THREE SIZES of Single and TWO SIZES of Double Heaters of these justly popular Stoves.

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AND CHEAPEST

Cooking Stoves,

BUY THE
"ZENITH,"
Double Oven Range; or the
"Economy,"
Single Oven Range.

They are the best in the market, have SIX BOILER HOLES, shaking and dumping grate, APPLY THE HEAT TO ALL THE BOILERS AT ONCE. The oven is large and square, the doors tin-lined. The PLATES ARE HEAVY, unlike the light plates of city stoves—COMPARE THEM. We make a No. 8 and No. 9 of both these ranges.

All these stoves are WARRANTED, and you can get repairs from the Manufactory in one day.

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The largest and most superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.
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AT COST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
In great abundance, at
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A full line of general merchandise carefully selected, and embracing all manner of
Dress Goods,
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FURNISHING GOODS
of all kinds.
Hats and Caps
For men, boys and children.

Ladies and Gentlemen
call and be convinced that this is the cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.
Remember the place—at
S. GRENINGER'S,
jan 31 y Coburn.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the honorable John Dreese, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 1st day of April A. D., 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 29th day of April being the 22nd day of April 1878, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of April in the year of our Lord, 1878, and in the 102 year of Independence of the United States.
LEVI MUSSER Sheriff

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co.,

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Graphic Description of the Turkish Capital.

There are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Constantinople. The first has given to civilized mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her languages, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And though Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, though her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in a great measure lost. They belong mainly to the past; she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople occupies. It lies on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighboring countries are opened up by railways it will be the center from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait—to the N. E. the Bosphorus, and to the S. W. the Dardanelles—each of which can, by the erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus, as you probably know, is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but it is nowhere over two miles, and in some places scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbor, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes and marshes, with a comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. In other respects it is equally fortunate. Of its beauty I shall say something presently. Although the climate is very hot in summer, and pretty keen in winter, it is agreeable, for the air is kept deliciously fresh by the seldom failing breezes that blow down from the Euxine or up from the Ægean sea, and the sea itself is a great purifier. Though there is no tide there is a swift surface current sweeping down into the sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean, a current at one point so strong that boats have to be towed up along the shore, which carries off whatever is thrown into the water. So, though it is one of the dirtiest towns in the East, I fancy it is one of the most healthy.

People are always saying that the inside of Constantinople dispels the illusions which the view of it from the sea or the neighboring hills has produced. But those who say so, if they are not merely repeating the common-places of their guide-book, can have no eye for the picturesque. I grant that the interior is very dirty and irregular and tumble-down, that smells offend the nose, and loud harsh cries the ear. But then, it is so wonderfully strange and curious and complex, full of such bits of color, such varieties of human life, such far reaching associations from the past, that whatever an inhabitant may desire, a visitor at least would not willingly see anything improved or cleared away. The streets are crooked and narrow, climbing up steep hills, or winding along the bays of the shore, sometimes lined with open booths, in which stolid old Turks sit cross-legged sleepily smoking, sometimes among piles of gorgeous fruit, which even to behold is a feast, while sometimes they are hemmed in by high windowless walls and crossed by heavy arches, places where you think robbers must be lurking.

Constantinople has absolutely nothing to show from pagan times. Though Byzantium was nearly as old as Rome, the city of Constantine is the true creation of the first Christian emperor, and possesses not a relic of paganism, except the twisted serpents from Delphi and an Egyptian obelisk planted near them in the hippodrome.

There are no shops in the streets of Stamboul proper, for nearly everything, except food, is sold in the bazaar, which is an enormous square building, consisting of a labyrinth of long covered arcades, in which the dealers sit in their stalls with their wares piled up round them. It is all locked up at sunset. You may buy most things in it, but the visitor is chiefly attracted by the rugs and carpets from Persia, Anatolia, and Kurdistan, the silks of Broussa, and the stores of old armor (real and false) from everywhere. Purchasing is no easy matter, for a stranger is asked thrice the value of the goods, and unless he is content to be cheated both by the dealer and his own cicerone interpreter (who of course receives a secret commission from the vendor), he must spend hours and hours in bargaining. Business is slack on Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) and on Saturday (since many of the dealers are Hebrews), as well as on Sunday. It is conducted under another difficulty, which drives the visitor almost wild—that of a multiplicity of "circulating mediums." There is a Turkish metallic currency, and a paper currency, greatly depreciated, besides all sorts of coins of other nations constantly turning up, among which the Indian rupee is one of the commonest; and you have to make a separate bargain as to the value at which the coins you happen to have in your pocket will be taken. Hotel lodging, and indeed almost everything, is very dear: for Western books you pay half as much again as in London or in Paris. There is little sign of a police in the streets, and nothing done either to pave or clean them. Few are passable for carriages and the Turks leave everything to time and chance. The only scavengers are the vultures, which may sometimes be seen hovering about in the clear sky, and the dogs, of which there is a vast multitude in the city. Though you must have often heard of these dogs, the tradition that obliges every one who talks about Constantinople to mention them is too well established to be disregarded. Nobody owns them or feeds them, though each dog mostly inhabits the same quarter or street; and in fact is chased away or slain if he ventures into the territory of his neighbors. They are ill-favored brutes, mostly of a brown or yellowish hue, and are very much in the way as one walks about. At night they are a serious difficulty, for the streets are not lighted, and you not only stumble over them, but are sometimes, when you fall into one of the holes in the roadway, tumbled head foremost into a nest of them, whereupon a terrible barking and snapping ensues. However, they don't molest you unless you first attack them; and as canine madness is unknown, or nearly so among them, nobody need fear hydrophobia.

St. Sophia is one of the wonders of the world. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times; for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater, at Rome, have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A. D. 538-568) from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's temple at Ephesus, ank that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered over all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognize, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs.

One of the most highly cultivated and widely traveled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all, that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Fergusson, the historian of Architecture, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose tastes have been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it than in St. Peter's itself.

In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. Nobody knows what the Sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Everybody lives in a perpetual vague dread of everybody else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika.

Constantinople is not only a city that belongs to the world; it is in a way itself a miniature of the world. It is not so much a city as an immense *caravanserai*, which belongs to nobody but within whose walls everybody encamps, drawn by business or by pleasure, but forming no permanent ties, and not calling himself a citizen. It has three distinct histories—Greek, Roman and Turkish. It is the product of a host of converging influences—influences some of which are still at work, making it different every year from what it was before. Religion, and all those customs which issue from religion, come to it from Arabia; civilization from Rome and the West; both are mingled in the dress of the people and the buildings where they live and worship. Races, manners, languages, even coins, from every part of the East and of Europe here cross on another and interweave themselves like the many-colored threads in the gorgeous fabric of an Eastern loom.

The rarest and most subtle charm of a city, as of a landscape or of a human face, is its idiosyncrasy, or (to speak somewhat fancifully) its expression, the indefinable effect it produces on you which makes you feel it to be different from all other cities you have seen before. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that, while no city has so marked a physical character, none has so strangely confusing and indeterminate a social one. It is nothing, because it is everything at once; because it mirrors, like the waters of its Golden Horn, the manners and faces of all the peoples who pass in and out of it. Such a city is a glorious possession, and no one can recall its associations or meditate on its future, as he gazes upon it lying spread before him in matchless beauty, without a thrill of solemn emotion. And this emotion is heightened, not only by the sense of the contrast, here of all the world most striking, between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and the recollection of the terrible strife which enthroned Islam in the metropolis of the Eastern Church, but also by the knowledge that that strife is still being waged, and that the shores which lie beneath your eye are likely to witness struggles and changes in the future not less momentous than those of the past. It is this, after all, that gives their especial amplitude and grandeur to the associations of Constantinople. It combines that interest of the future which fires the traveler's imagination in America, with that interest of the past which touches him in Italy. Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire, and commerce, religion, and letters, and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even an Augsberg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Singular if True.

A few years since, says a California paper, a man from the Eastern States came to this country to engage in mining. He went up to Tuolumne, and commenced laboring in a claim on Wood's Creek. In a short time his hair (which was a light brown, or auburn color) commenced to fall off, and soon there was not a solitary hair to be discovered on any part of his body! He was as guiltless of hirsute covering as a marble statue. Singular to relate, the man's general health was good during the time of this peeling. But what is more remarkable, the general physical appearance of the man began to change rapidly. He was originally long, lank, and lean, but now he began to assume Falstaffian proportions. Although a large boned person, when he came to this country he only weighed 160 pounds, but in seven months after his arrival at the mines, his weight was upwards of 300 pounds. All things must have an end, and so did our hero's increase in size come to a stop. Then it was that his hair began to grow. But now, strange to say, his hirsute appendages, instead of being auburn colored, were coal black. Instead of sandy whiskers he had whiskers as black as jet, and so on. Our readers will naturally think the individual, after undergoing all these transformations, had grown out of the recollection of his friends. And so he had, as the sequel will show. Now, the hero of this singular transformation, when he left his home, left behind a wife whom he loved as the apple of his eye. After residing here about three years, he sent for her. She came full of love and affection to meet her long absent lord. When the steamer arrived, a very large man, with very black hair and whiskers, met her and claimed her as his wife. She repudiated him. He remonstrated and explained. She would not hear to him, for she had heard of the wickedness of this country, and she was cautious. She endeavored for two months to find the husband who had left her, then gave him up for dead, and returned to her old home sorrowful and broken-hearted. The metamorphosed husband is still here, and bitterly does he curse the change in his fortunes which so altered the complexion of his personal affairs that even his own wife cannot recognize him. At present there is not the least prospect of losing his superabundant flesh, or of his hair again changing color.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

List of Commissioners Appointed by the President and Governors.

The following is a complete list of the United States commission to the Paris exposition as appointed by President Hayes on nomination by the governors of States:

COMMISSIONER GENERAL.—Richard C. McCormick, Washington, D. C. (appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate December 15, 1877).

ADDITIONAL COMMISSIONERS (appointed by the President).—F. A. P. Barnard, New York city (designated to act as assistant commissioner general); Daniel J. Morrell, Johnstown, Pa.; Orestes Cleveland, Jersey City, N. J.; Donald G. Mitchell, New Haven, Conn.; William W. Story, Boston, Mass.; Henry Howard, Providence, R. I.; William T. Porter, Wilmington, Del.; Thomas B. Ferguson, Baltimore, Md.; William A. Anderson, Lexington, Va.; George W. Campbell, Delaware, Ohio; John J. Woodman, Paw Paw, Mich.; Andrew J. Sweeney, Wheeling, W. Va.; Samuel Dysart, Franklin Grove, Ill.; Thomas E. Jenkins, Louisville, Ky.; Alfred Gray, Topeka, Kan.; James D. Dague, San Francisco, Cal.; P. M. B. Young, Atlanta, Ga.; Aristides Gerard, New Orleans, La.; Joshua L. Chamberlain, Brunswick, Me.; Sylvester Waterhouse, St. Louis, Mo.

HONORARY COMMISSIONERS (appointed by the President).—Andrew D. White, Ithaca, N. Y.; Levi P. Morton, New York city; George W. Childs, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. W. H. Davis, Doylestown, Pa.; Frederick Smyth, Manchester, N. H.; Edward Cowles, Cleveland, Ohio; James H. Smart, Indianapolis, Ind.; Frank Millward, Covington, Ky.; Benjamin E. Gallup, Chicago, Ill.; James M. Safford, Nashville, Tenn.; William Sellers, San Francisco, Cal.; Serena T. Merrill, Beloit, Wis.; William A. Moore, Edenton, N. C.; L. J. Du Pre, Austin, Texas; Edward H. Knight, Washington, D. C.; John A. Tonner, Yuma, Arizona; Austin Savage, Boise City, Idaho Territory, Helena, M. T.; Carl C. P. Mayer, Yankton, D. T.; C. H. Bennett, Salt Lake City, Utah; William C. Rencher, Santa Fee, N. M.; William R. Steele, Cheyenne, Wy. T.; Ellwood Evans, Olympia, W. T.

HONORARY COMMISSIONERS

(nominated by the governors of the States and appointed by the President):

ALABAMA.—Eugene A. Smith, Tuscaloosa; James Berney, Mobile.

ARKANSAS.—George E. Dodge, Little Rock; Benton J. Brown, Van Buren.

CALIFORNIA.—William C. Quinby, San Francisco; Henry G. Hanks, San Francisco.

COLORADO.—Robert H. Lamborn, Denver; Miers Fisher, Denver.

CONNECTICUT.—William P. Blake, New Haven; Henry C. White, Hartford.

DELAWARE.—Alexander McLeod, Wilmington; Robert W. Mustard, Smyrna.

FLORIDA.—George H. Hart, Jacksonville; John B. Hartridge, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA.—John A. Speer, La Grange; Francis Fontaine.

ILLINOIS.—John M. Gregory, Champaign; Osborn R. Keith, Chicago.

INDIANA.—Clem Studebaker, South Bend; Frank C. Johnson, New Albany.

IOWA.—Gustavus B. Brackett, Denmark; Alfred Heland, Red Oak.

KANSAS.—Eugene L. Meyer, Hutchinson; Floyd P. Baker, Topeka.

KENTUCKY.—Bennett H. Young, Louisville; Beriah Magoffin Harrodsburg.

LOUISIANA.—Lionel Adams, New Orleans; Charles Parlange Point Coupee.

MAINE.—Frederick Robie, Gorham; Arthur F. Drinkwater, Ellsworth.

MARYLAND.—Robert M. McLane, Baltimore; Thomas H. Buckler, Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS.—George C. Richardson, Boston; Alexander H. Bullock, Worcester.

MICHIGAN.—Martin Ryerson, Grand Rapids; John J. Bagley, Detroit.

MINNESOTA.—E. F. Drake, St. Paul; A. C. Dodge, Albert Lea.

MISSISSIPPI.—P. E. Whitfield, Corinth; Felix Labouve, Hernando.

MISSOURI.—Joseph L. Stephens, Boonville; Charles Chouteau, St. Louis.

NEBRASKA.—J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City; Charles H. Dewy, Omaha.

NEVADA.—William S. Keyes, Eureka; John W. Mackay, Virginia City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Parsons B. Coggswell, Concord; Charles F. Roberts, Concord.

NEW JERSEY.—George A. Halsey, Newark; William W. Skippen, Hoboken.

NEW YORK.—Parke Godwin, New York; John T. Norton, Albany.

NORTH CAROLINA.—H. H. Tucker, Raleigh; L. Chapman, Asheville.

OHIO.—Henry C. Young, Cincinnati; John Grossins, Cincinnati.

OREGON.—John Van Bourden Portland; Homer Sanborn, Dearborn, Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA.—John H. Harjes, Philadelphia; William Lucien Scaife, Pittsburh.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. Herbert Shedd, Providence; Daniel J. Littlefield, Pawtucket.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Thomas G. Clemson, Pendleton; William J. Laval, Columbia.

TENNESSEE.—Peter Staub, Knoxville; Bronson Baylis, Memphis.

TEXAS.—Ashbel Smith, Houston; A. W. Spaight, Galveston.

VERMONT.—J. Gregory Smith, St. Albans; Luke P. Poland, Rutland.

VIRGINIA.—John Echols, Staunton; R. P. Archer, Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA.—R. M. Delaplaine, Wheeling; L. N. Campen, Parkersburg.

WISCONSIN.—Robert H. Baker, Racine; Joseph G. Thorp, Eau Claire.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

A young stranger called on Dr. M'C—one evening, while he was a pastor in New York city, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you, doctor," said the young man. "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait a year for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you fifty dollars."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the doctor's mind. At the end of the year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The doctor did not recognize him at first.

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was. There's one hundred dollars for you."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson river towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?"

"Yes."

"Vell, if you'll unmarry me, I vill give you two leetle pigs.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine.*

Who Discovered America.

The Norwegians claim the discovery of America. In the year 1000 the navigator Leif, with thirty-five companions, sighted the island of Newfoundland, and pushing on to the westward he found a vast country covered with vines, to which he gave the name of Vineland. This was North America, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. A Scandinavian colony established itself on the banks of the river, and soon pushed onward to the New England coasts. It is claimed that a company even ventured as far as the bay whereon Boston now sits so proudly. Regular communication was established between Norway and the New World. The Pope appointed bishops in America four centuries before La Casas. About 1350 the civil wars which raged among the Scandinavian peoples and the terrible black pest—a scourge not yet forgotten in Norway—seemed to have caused an interruption of communication between the two continents. It was nearly a century and a half later before the New World was definitely discovered. The spirit of Norwegian adventure showed Europeans the route to America; chance lost it; genius brought it to light again. Such is their tale.

Movements of the Stars.

The star known as Groombridge, though in the category of fixed stars, moves at the rate of not less than two hundred miles per second. With this speed it cannot be stopped in its career by any star which it may approach, or compelled to form an orbit around a star or star group. Whence originated this enormous velocity? The combined attraction of all the stars known to astronomers would not confer it. It must have begun outside of our visible universe. The star will pass through that universe with unchanged course. We know neither whence it came or whither it is going. As to the proper motions of other stars, they are so different in their direction and speed, that we must conclude that the stellar universe has neither the stability nor the regularity of our solar system. But these and other considerations—in fact, all modern scientific discoveries and research—point to the conclusion that our universe had a beginning and will come to an end.

Uses of the Phonograph.

For public uses we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photographs and books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

In public exhibitions, also, we shall have reproductions of the sounds of nature, and of noises familiar and unfamiliar. Nothing will be easier than to catch the sounds of the waves on the beach, the roar of Niagara, the discords of the streets, the noises of animals, the puffing and rush of the railroad train, the rolling of thunder, or even the tumult of a battle.

When popular airs are sung into the phonograph, and the notes are then reproduced in reverse order, very curious and beautiful musical effects are sometimes produced, having no apparent resemblance to those contained in their originals. The instrument may thus be used as a sort of musical kaleidoscope, by means of which an infinite variety of new combinations may be produced from the musical compositions now in existence.

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Words of Wisdom.

Friends are won by those who believe in winning.

He but waters his soup who takes many words to tell a short story.

Some people are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Many people find their own happiness in forcing themselves to be unhappy.

He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgment and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.

When you are alone watch your thoughts; when in the family circle watch your temper; when in society watch your tongue.

The real wants of nature are the measure of employments, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is necessary poverty.

Haste turns usually upon a matter of ten minutes too late, and may be avoided by a habit like that of Lord Nelson, to which he ascribed his success in life, of being ten minutes too early.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A Curious Feature of Toughened Glass.

In the *Bohemia*, Professor Ricard, of Trehewan tells the following tale: "A child's drinking glass was bought one day at Soaz, for about seventy kreutzer, and for six months it sustained its character of unbreakable glass. But about nine o'clock one evening, in the sixth month, it was used in drinking *eau sucre* and was then placed, with a silver spoon in it, upon a large oaken table. Suddenly I heard from my room a violent explosion like a pistol shot and a metallic sound. I ran in and saw the whole floor strewn with needles and splinters of glass, scattered thinly and widely—and not only upon the floor, but the bed, the table, the washstand, the carpet and the clothes hung up were covered with these shreds. I looked everywhere for the cause of this explosion, and at last remarked that the child's drinking cup was gone. The empty glass had exploded—without apparent cause, without the approach of a light, and having a spoon in it—with such extraordinary force thrt the whole household was frightened. I relate this story, therefore, not only for the information of chemists and natural philosophers, but also of those families who believe that in this so-called unbreakable glass they possess remarkable and unspoilable playthings or useful household goods, to show them that when such an explosion occurs it may cause not only fright but mischief." To the foregoing the editor of the *Polytechnichen Notizblatts* adds that such explosions of toughened glass, often without any apparent cause, have been pretty frequent of late, and appear to be on the increase.

Constantinople Socially.

A traveler through the East sends a letter to the New York *Tribune*, from which the following is condensed for the purpose of showing the social and political condition of Constantinople, as it appears to a non-professional. The war naturally worked a sad change in the lives of poorer classes. With the depreciation of paper money came a disproportionate advance in the price of breadstuffs, and consequent suffering among the people. One instance is cited as having come under the writer's observation. A young girl who was able to earn five piastres a day, with which to support her mother, two sisters and herself, stood before a baker's shop with her veil fallen to the ground and her eyes flashing with anger, while her whole attitude betokened grave alarm. She had gradually seen the price of bread increase while her own wages remained unchanged, until at last she had been told her money was no longer sufficient to keep her family from actual starvation. The picture of that poor sufferer was one typical of the invaded and doomed region. The parent government is no longer able, if it is disposed, to help its children, and the tradesmen are rude and grasping in their demands. The condition of that section of the world is deplorable, but it is such as inevitably follows an unsuccessful struggle at arms.

What is Life?

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep—to be exposed to the darkness and to light—to pace round in the mill of habit and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt that makes us meditate—the death that startles us with mystery—the hardship that forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Before a committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature appointed to investigate Pittsburgh railroad riots, E. A. Ammon, of Pittsburgh, who was at the head of the Trainmen's Union at the time of the strike, testified that the citizens offered the strikers arms to resist the militia, two prominent citizens having offered a hundred stand of arms each; one of these citizens went to see him at Allegheny, told him that he hoped the men would stand for their rights, and promised them arms and money.

The steam chimney of the Hudson river steamer Magenta exploded two miles below Sing Sing, N. Y., and two passengers were killed outright, two were fatally scalded and several others received serious injuries.

Warren Lane, bookkeeper of the Planet Mills Manufacturing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., was returning from the company's bank in New York, where he had drawn $4,000 with which to pay off the employees. He was accompanied by an assistant, who carried $700 in silver. When in an unfrequented locality they were approached by three men, dressed as laborers, who suddenly attacked the men, knocking them down with blows from sand clubs and relieving them of all the money in a twinkling. Before they could gain their feet the thieves were rattling off in a wagon that was waiting in charge of a confederate and made good their escape.

Fires: Twenty-three buildings were destroyed by fire in Keesville, N. Y., causing a loss aggregating $65,000. Nearly a whole block of Mass., Frederick Smythe, Manchester, N. H., Edward Cowles, Cleveland, Ohio; James H. Smart, Indianapolis, Ind.; Frank Millward, Covington, Ky.; Benjamin E. Gallup, Chicago, Ill.; James M. Safford, Nashville, Tenn., William Sellers, San Francisco, Cal.; Serena T. Merrill, Beloit, Wis.; William A. Moore, Edenton, N. C.; L. J. Du Pre, Austin, Texas; Edward H. Knight, Washington, D. C.; John A. Tonner, Yuma, Arizona; Austin Savage, Boise City, Idaho Territory, Helena, M. T.; Carl C. P. Mayer, Yankton, D. T.; C. H. Bennett, Salt Lake City, Utah; William C. Rencher, Santa Fee, N. M.; William R. Steele, Cheyenne, Wy. T.; Ellwood Evans, Olympia, W. T.

HONORARY COMMISSIONERS

(nominated by the governors of the States and appointed by the President):

ALABAMA.—Eugene A. Smith, Tuscaloosa; James Berney, Mobile.

ARKANSAS.—George E. Dodge, Little Rock; Benton J. Brown, Van Buren.

CALIFORNIA.—William C. Quinby, San Francisco; Henry G. Hanks, San Francisco.

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CONNECTICUT.—William P. Blake, New Haven; Henry C. White, Hartford.

DELAWARE.—Alexander McLeod, Wilmington; Robert W. Mustard, Smyrna.

FLORIDA.—George H. Hart, Jacksonville; John B. Hartridge, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA.—John A. Speer, La Grange; Francis Fontaine.

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IOWA.—Gustavus B. Brackett, Denmark; Alfred Heland, Red Oak.

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KENTUCKY.—Bennett H. Young, Louisville; Beriah Magoffin Harrodsburg.

LOUISIANA.—Lionel Adams, New Orleans; Charles Parlange Point Coupee.

MAINE.—Frederick Robie, Gorham; Arthur F. Drinkwater, Ellsworth.

MARYLAND.—Robert M. McLane, Baltimore; Thomas H. Buckler, Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS.—George C. Richardson, Boston; Alexander H. Bullock, Worcester.

MICHIGAN.—Martin Ryerson, Grand Rapids; John J. Bagley, Detroit.

MINNESOTA.—E. F. Drake, St. Paul; A. C. Dodge, Albert Lea.

MISSISSIPPI.—P. E. Whitfield, Corinth; Felix Labouve, Hernando.

MISSOURI.—Joseph L. Stephens, Boonville; Charles Chouteau, St. Louis.

NEBRASKA.—J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City; Charles H. Dewy, Omaha.

NEVADA.—William S. Keyes, Eureka; John W. Mackay, Virginia City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Parsons B. Coggswell, Concord; Charles F. Roberts, Concord.

NEW JERSEY.—George A. Halsey, Newark; William W. Skippen, Hoboken.

NEW YORK.—Parke Godwin, New York; John T. Norton, Albany.

NORTH CAROLINA.—H. H. Tucker, Raleigh; L. Chapman, Asheville.

OHIO.—Henry C. Young, Cincinnati; John Grossins, Cincinnati.

OREGON.—John Van Bourden Portland; Homer Sanborn, Dearborn, Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA.—John H. Harjes, Philadelphia; William Lucien Scaife, Pittsburh.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. Herbert Shedd, Providence; Daniel J. Littlefield, Pawtucket.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Thomas G. Clemson, Pendleton; William J. Laval, Columbia.

TENNESSEE.—Peter Staub, Knoxville; Bronson Baylis, Memphis.

TEXAS.—Ashbel Smith, Houston; A. W. Spaight, Galveston.

VERMONT.—J. Gregory Smith, St. Albans; Luke P. Poland, Rutland.

VIRGINIA.—John Echols, Staunton; R. P. Archer, Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA.—R. M. Delaplaine, Wheeling; L. N. Campen, Parkersburg.

WISCONSIN.—Robert H. Baker, Racine; Joseph G. Thorp, Eau Claire.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

A young stranger called on Dr. M'C—one evening, while he was a pastor in New York city, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you, doctor," said the young man. "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait a year for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you fifty dollars."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the doctor's mind. At the end of the year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The doctor did not recognize him at first.

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was. There's one hundred dollars for you."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson river towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?"

"Yes."

"Vell, if you'll unmarry me, I vill give you two leetle pigs.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine.*

Who Discovered America.

The Norwegians claim the discovery of America. In the year 1000 the navigator Leif, with thirty-five companions, sighted the island of Newfoundland, and pushing on to the westward he found a vast country covered with vines, to which he gave the name of Vineland. This was North America, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. A Scandinavian colony established itself on the banks of the river, and soon pushed onward to the New England coasts. It is claimed that a company even ventured as far as the bay whereon Boston now sits so proudly. Regular communication was established between Norway and the New World. The Pope appointed bishops in America four centuries before La Casas. About 1350 the civil wars which raged among the Scandinavian peoples and the terrible black pest—a scourge not yet forgotten in Norway—seemed to have caused an interruption of communication between the two continents. It was nearly a century and a half later before the New World was definitely discovered. The spirit of Norwegian adventure showed Europeans the route to America; chance lost it; genius brought it to light again. Such is their tale.

Movements of the Stars.

The star known as Groombridge, though in the category of fixed stars, moves at the rate of not less than two hundred miles per second. With this speed it cannot be stopped in its career by any star which it may approach, or compelled to form an orbit around a star or star group. Whence originated this enormous velocity? The combined attraction of all the stars known to astronomers would not confer it. It must have begun outside of our visible universe. The star will pass through that universe with unchanged course. We know neither whence it came or whither it is going. As to the proper motions of other stars, they are so different in their direction and speed, that we must conclude that the stellar universe has neither the stability nor the regularity of our solar system. But these and other considerations—in fact, all modern scientific discoveries and research—point to the conclusion that our universe had a beginning and will come to an end.

Uses of the Phonograph.

For public uses we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photographs and books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

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